

A ^{Hymnals}
COLLECTION
OF
Psalms and Hymns
FOR
DIVINE WORSHIP.

PSALM XCV. 1, 2.

*O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us come
before his Presence with Thanksgiving, and
make a joyful Noise unto him with Psalms.*

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

E X E T E R:

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COLLECTION

OF

PLANS AND HYMNS

FOR

DIVINE WORSHIP



THE SECOND EDITION

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS

BY THE REV. J. W. RICHES, M.A.,
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
NEW YORK: BROADWAY, 1854.
MDCCLXIV.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE celebrating the divine Praise in *Psalms*, and *Hymns*, and *Spiritual Songs*, being not only an important, but a delightful Part of Worship; it may with great Reason be questioned, whether Christians, in general, are not too inattentive to this Branch of religious Service; too negligent in improving their natural Abilities by acquired Skill, and by Exercise;

and too regardless of supplying themselves with proper Compositions to raise and to express the devout Sentiments of their Minds.

From the Constitution of our Nature, it evidently appears to be the Design of its Almighty Author, that the Melody of *the Voice* and of *the Heart* should not only accompany, but assist each other. It is therefore to be accounted amongst the Felicities of the present Age, that so great a Variety of Compositions in *sacred Poesy*, are extant in our Language.

Among the many who have ministered, with great Acceptance and Success, in this Service

vice of the sanctuary, the Names* to whom this Collection is indebted, will be universally acknowledged to merit an high, if not the first Rank. But as neither the Inclinations of the Rich, nor the Abilities of the Poor are so likely as might be wished, to bring the Compositions at large of these excellent Authors into their familiar Acquaintance; it may, probably be of Use to collect some of the most devout and striking of their *sacred Poems*, and to publish them in this small Compass; that none, who want not an Heart, may want proper Materials, always at Hand, to assist their Devotion.

A 3

A

* Addison, Tate, Brady, Brown, Dodderidge, and Dr. Watts.

A principal Part of the Protestant Churches have thought *singing by Book* to be the most useful and proper Method; as the Worshipper has then in full View before him the Subject of his religious Praise, without the Breaks and Interruptions, which the reading each Verse, as it is sung, may seem to introduce. This *Dr. Watts* † calls “ Our present unhappy Mixture of Reading and Singing; which he wishes to see reformed.”

To the Churches who thus sing, without alternate Reading, a *Collection* of this Kind may appear in a peculiar Manner, proper; as the Number of *Psalms* and *Hymns* it contains is sufficient to furnish an ample Variety

† Preface to his *Hymns*; Eleventh Edition, Page 13.

Variety for the several Occasions of public Thanksgiving: at the same Time that its reduced Price may make it more easily to pass into all the several Hands of which such a religious Society consists.

However, as in Congregations of any great Number (where this has not been the Use) the accommodating all its several Members with Books, will be found a very difficult, if not impracticable, Attempt; and some through Defect of Sight, or an Incapacity of Reading, would be hereby cut off from this Part of public Worship; it may seem no Way adviseable to introduce this Practice to the total Difuse and Exclusion of the other.

As

As all Congregations are supposed to sing, at least twice, when assembled for divine Worship; the mutual Condescension which Christians owe one another, seems strongly to dictate, that this Practice be only alternately used; that all may be edified, and all may be pleased.

The Collection here presented, is formed upon the truly Christian and Catholic Plan, proposed by Dr. *Watts* † in his excellent Hymns; who says,
“ That in these Composes
“ he has avoided the more
“ obscure and controverted
“ Points of Christianity, that
“ we might all obey the Di-
“ rection of the Word of
“ God

† Preface; Eleventh Edition, Page 8.

“ God, and sing his Praises
“ with Understanding. The
“ contentious and distinguish-
“ ing Words of Sects and Par-
“ ties are secluded, that whole
“ Assemblies might assist at
“ the Harmony, and different
“ Churches join in the same
“ Worship without Offence.---
“ I think it is most agreeable,
“ that what is provided for pub-
“ lic singing, should give to
“ sincere Consciences as little
“ Disturbance as possible; how-
“ ever, where any unpleasing
“ Word is found, he that leads
“ the Worship may substitute
“ a better.”

May the happy Time come !
when all Christians, and all
Churches, shall Worship and
walk

walk together in the kind and good Spirit which the Gospel inspires; mutually condescending to, and loving one another: *Holding the Unity of the spirit, in the Bond of Peace: That with one Mind, and with one Mouth, they may all glorify God; and celebrate the high Praises of our exalted Redeemer. To whom be everlasting Honours. Amen.*





A
T A B L E
TO FIND ANY
P S A L M or H Y M N,

By the first Line.

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A T A B L E.

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When	

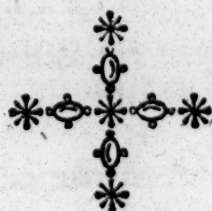
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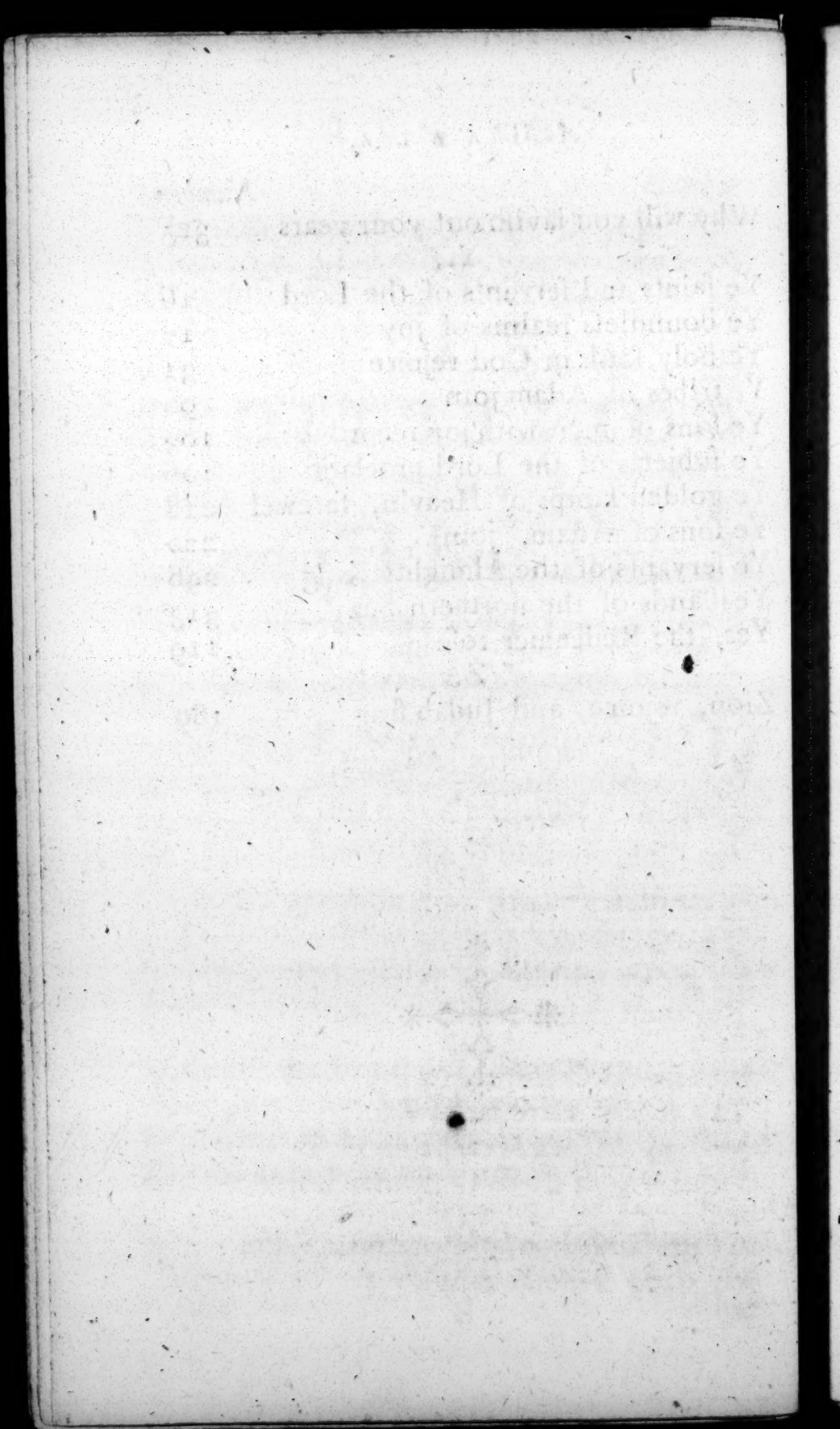
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	Why

A T A B L E.

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Z.	
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I.

II.

III.

IV.

B

Nor

Nor is the least a chearful Heart
Which tastes those Gifts with Joy.

V.

Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life,
Thy Goodness I'll pursue :
And after Death in distant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

VI.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night,
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

VII.

Thro' all Eternity to Thee,
A joyful Song I'll raise :
But O ! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

II. *The Presence of God our Joy and Support.*
Psalm xxiii.

I.

AS the good Shepherd gently leads,
His wand'ring Flocks to verdant Meads,
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
Amidst the flow'ry Landscapes flow.

II.

So God, the Guardian of my Soul,
Does all my erring Steps controul :
When lost in Sin's perplexing Maze,
He leads me back to Virtue's Ways.

III.

Tho' I should journey thro' the Plains,
Where Death in all its Horror reigns ;

My

My steadfast Heart no Ill shall fear,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me there.

IV.

By Thee with Peace and Plenty blest,
My Life is one continued Feast :
Thy ever-watchful Providence
Is my Support, and my Defence.

V.

O bounteous God, my future Days
Shall be devoted to thy Praise :
And in thy House thy sacred Name,
And wond'rous Grace shall be my Theme.

III. *The Majesty and Glory of G O D.*

I.

DO Thou, my Soul, in sacred Lays,
Attempt the great Creator's Praise :
But, O, what Tongue can speak his Fame !
What mortal Verse can reach the Theme !

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant Spheres,
He Glory like a Garment wears :
To form a Robe of Light divine,
Ten thousand Suns around him shine.

III.

Before his Throne a glitt'ring Band
Of Seraphim and Angels stand ;
Ethereal Spirits, who in Flight
Outwing the active Rays of Light.

IV.

To God all Nature owes its Birth ;
He form'd this pond'rous Globe of Earth :

B 2

He

He rais'd the glorious Arch on High ;
And floor'd it with the Azure Sky.

V.

In all our Maker's grand Designs,
Omnipotence and Wisdom shines ;
His Works thro' all this wond'rous Frame,
Bear the great Impress of his Name.

VI.

Rais'd on Devotion's lofty Wing,
Do thou, my Soul, his Glories sing ;
And let his Praise employ thy Tongue,
'Till list'ning Worlds applaud the Song.

IV. GOD's *stupendous Goodness to feeble Man.*
Psalm viii.

I.

O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy Name !

II.

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there,
And yet thou mak'st the Infant Tongue
Thy boundless Praise declare.

III.

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
And crush their haughty Foes :
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng
Which Thee and Thine oppose.

IV.

When Heaven, thy beauteous Work on high,
Employs my wond'ring Sight,

The

The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler Light.

V.

What's Man, O Lord, that thus Thou lov'st
To keep him in thy Mind !
Or what his Offspring, that Thou prov'st
To him so wond'rous kind !

VI.

Him next in Power Thou didst create
To thy celestial Train :
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
O'r all thy Works to reign.

VII.

O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy Name !

V. GOD *the Creator praised.*

Psalm xxxiii.

I.

LET all the Just to God with Joy
Their chearful Voices raise :
For well the Righteous it becomes,
To sing glad Songs of Praise.

II.

By his Almighty Word at first
The heavenly Arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light,
At his Command appear'd.

III.

The swelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie,

B 3

And

6 P S A L M XXXIV.

And lays, as in a Store-house safe,
His wat'ry Treasures by.

IV.

Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand :
For when he spoke the Word 'twas made,
'Twas fixt at his Command.

V.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.

VI.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend,
Since we for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

VI. *Encouragement to trust and love GOD.*

Pfalm xxxiv.

I.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praises of my God shall still,
My Heart and Tongue employ.

II.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
'Till all that are distressed,
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Grievs to rest.

III.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The Dwellings of the Just :

Protection

Protection he affords to all
Who on his Succour trust.

IV.

O make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

V.

Fear him ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his Service your Delight,
Your Wants shall be his Care.

VI.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
The Lord will Food provide,
For such as put their Trust in him,
And see their Needs supply'd.

VII. *Prosperous Vice to be neither envied nor
feared.* Psalm xxxvii.

I.

THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful State
Thy Anger or thy Envy move :
For they cut down like tender Grass,
Or like young Flowers away shall pass,
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

II.

Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land shall stay,
Secure from Danger and from Want :
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,

And

And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.

III.

In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry just Design :
And make, like Light serene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a Mid-day Sun to shine.

IV.

With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor let thine Anger weakly rise ;
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Success the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.

V.

God to the Just will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
Their Strength, in Time of Need, is He :
Because on Him they still depend,
The Lord will timely Succour send,
And from the Wicked set him free.

VIII. *A penitential Psalm.* Psalm LI.

I.

HA V E Mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou art ever kind ;
Let me oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.

II.

Wash off my foul Offence,
And cleanse me from my Sin ;

For

For I confels my Crime, and see
How great my Guilt has been.

III.

Make me to hear with Joy
Thy kind forgiving Voice,
That so the Bones which thou hast broke,
May with fresh Strength rejoice.

IV.

Blot out my crying Sin,
Nor me in Anger view :
Create in me an Heart that's clean,
And upright Mind renew.

V.

The Joy thy Favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My fainting Soul sustain.

VI.

So I thy wond'rous Grace
To Sinners will declare ;
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell
How rich thy Mercies are.

IX. *Triumph in GOD's supreme Dominion.*

Psalm lxxxix.

I.

THY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,
My Song on them shall ever dwell :
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.

II.

Lord God of Armies who can boast
Of Strength or Power like thine renown'd?
Of

Of such a numerous faithful Host,
As that which does thy Throne surround?

III.

Thou dost the lawless Sea control,
And change the Prospect of the Deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.

IV.

For thy stupendous Truth and Love
Both Heaven and Earth just Praises owe:
By choirs of Angels sung above,
And by assembled Saints below.

V.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound:
Who may at Festivals appear
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.

X. *Homage due to the Almighty Sovereign.*

Psalm xcv.

I.

O COME loud An' hems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

II.

Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past;
To him address, in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

III.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is with unrival'd Glory great:

A King superior far to all
Whom Gods the Heathen falsely call.

IV.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hands,
Her secret Wealth at his Command ;
The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

V.

The rolling Ocean's vast Abyfs,
By the same Sovereign Right is his ;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

VI.

O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there :
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

VII.

For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
His Flock and Pasture Sheep are we :
Come then, and like his Flock, draw near ;
To-day his Voice attentive hear.

XI. *Joy in GOD's supreme Government.*

Pfalm xcvi.

I.

SING to the Lord a new made Song ;
Let Earth in one assembled Throng,
The common Patron's Praise resound.
Sing to the Lord and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
Who us hath with Salvation crown'd.

To

To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,
In Majesty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities :
For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call :

He only rules who made the Skies.
With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.

III.

Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,
Whose Power the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore :
Let therefore Heaven new Joys confess,
And heavenly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

XII. *The Majesty of GOD appearing in Defence of his People.* Psalm xcvi.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice :
Let all the Isles, with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.

II.

Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazzling Glory shrowd in State ;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.

III.

HI.

Devouring Fire before his Face,
His Foes around with Vengeance strook ;
His Lightnings set the World on Blaze,
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

IV.

The proudest Hills his Presence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could help afford:
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt,
In Presence of the Almighty Lord.

V.

Confounded be their impious Hosts
Who make the Gods to whom they pray ;
All who of Pageant Idols boast :
To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

VI.

You who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem :
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

XIII. *Divine Goodness adored.* Psalm ciii.

I.

MY Soul inspired with sacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bless ;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful Thanks express.

II.

'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sicknefs makes thee sound :
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

C

III.

III.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace,
His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.

IV.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part ;
Delights his Punishments to guide,
More by his Love than our Desert.

V.

As high as Heaven its Arch extends,
Above this little Spot of Clay,
So much his boundless Grace transcends
The small Respects that we can pay.

VI.

Let every Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
And in this Confort bear thy Part.

XIV. *A Psalm of Praise.* Psalm civ.

I.

BLESS God, my Soul ; thou Lord alone,
Possessest Empire without Bounds ;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty furrounds.

II.

With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take ;
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

III.

III.

God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies ;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

IV.

As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their fundry Tasks assign'd :
All proud to serve their Sovereign's Will.

V.

How various, Lord, thy Works are found,
For which thy Wisdom we adore ;
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd
'Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

VI.

In praising God, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;
And join Devotion to my Song,
Sincere as is in Him my Joy.

VII.

While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name ;
'Till with my Song the list'ning World
Join Confort, and his Praise proclaim.

XV. *The final Prosperity and Happiness of the
Righteous. Psalm cvi.*

I.

O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love :
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past
Has stood and shall for ever last.

II.

Who can his mighty Deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless ?
 What mortal Eloquence can raise
 His Tribute of immortal Praise ?

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy Judgments never stray ;
 Who know what's right, nor only so,
 But always practise what they know.

IV.

Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy Salvation visit me.

V.

O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy Saints in full Prosperity !
 That I the joyful Choir may join,
 And count thy People's Triumph mine !

VI.

Let *Israel's* God be ever blest,
 His Name eternally confest :
 Let all his Saints with full Accord,
 Sing loud *Amens*——*Praise ye the Lord.*

XVI. *The Majesty and Condescension of GOD.*
 Psalm cxiii.

I.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
 The Triumphs of his Name record ;
 His sacred Name for ever blest :
 Where e'er the circling Sun displays

His

His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.

II.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day

But Shadows of his Glory are :
With him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

III.

Tho' tis beneath his State to view,
In highest Heaven, what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care :
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell
Companion to the greatest there.

XVII. *Praise to GOD from the whole Crea-
tion.* Psalm cxlviii.

I.

YE boundless Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame :
His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame :

Your Voices raise

Ye Cherubim,

And Seraphim,

To sing his Praise.

II.

Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day,
Ye glittering Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay :

His Praise declare,
 Ye Heavens above,
 And Clouds that move
 In Liquid Air.

III.

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy Name,
 By whose Almighty Word
 They all from nothing came :
 And all shall last,
 From Changes free ;
 His firm Decree
 Stands ever fast.

IV.

Let all of royal Birth,
 And those of humble Frame ;
 And Judges of the Earth,
 His matchless Fame proclaim.
 Fire, Hail, and Snow,
 And misty Air,
 And Winds that where
 He bids them blow.

V.

United Zeal be shewn,
 His wond'rous Fame to raise,
 Whose glorious Name alone
 Deserves our endless Praise:
 Earth's utmost Ends,
 His Power obey ;
 His glorious Sway
 The Sky transcends.

XVIII. *For the Lord's Day Morning.*

Psalm v.

I.

LORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear
 My Voice ascending high :
 To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
 To thee lift up mine Eye.

II.

Up to the Hills where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his Saints,
 Presenting at his Father's Throne
 Our Songs and our Complaints.

III.

Thou art a God before whose Sight
 The Wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
 Nor dwell at thy Right Hand.

IV.

But to thy House will I resort,
 To taste thy Mercies there :
 I will frequent thine holy Court,
 And worship in thy Fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
 In Ways of Righteousness !
 Make every Path of Duty strait,
 And plain before my Face.

VI.

The Men that love and fear thy Name
 Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd ;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With Favour as a Shield.

XIX.

XIX. GOD's *Sovereignty and Goodness.*
 Psalm viii.

I.

O Lord our heav'nly King,
 Thy Name is all divine;
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
 And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

II.

When to thy Works on high,
 I raise my wond'ring Eyes,
 And see the Moon compleat in Light
 Adorn the darksome Skies:

III.

When I survey the Stars,
 In all their shining Forms:
 Lord, what is Man, that worthless Thing,
 Akin to Dust and Worms!

IV.

Lord, what is worthless Man,
 That thou should'st love him so!
 Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
 And Lord of all below.

V.

Thine Honours crown his Head,
 While Beasts like Slaves obey,
 And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
 And Fish that cleave the Sea.

VI.

How rich thy Bounties are:
 And wond'rous are thy Ways:
 Of Dust and Worms thy Power can raise
 A Monument of Praise.

VII.

VII.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy Name is all divine ;
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
 And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

XX. *Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and
 new Creation.* Psalm viii.

I.

LORD, what was Man when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
 That thou should'st set him and his Race ;
 But just below an Angel's Place !

II.

That thou should'st raise his Nature so
 And make him Lord of all below ;
 Make every Beast and Bird submit,
 And lay the Fishes at his Feet !

III.

But O ! what brighter Glories wait
 To crown the second *Adam's* State ?
 What Honours shall thy Son adorn
 Who condescended to be born !

IV.

See him below his Angels made !
 See him in Dust among the Dead !
 To save a ruin'd World from Sin ;
 But he shall reign with Power divine.

V.

The World to come, redeem'd from all
 The Miseries that attend the Fall,
 New made, and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

XXI.

XXI. *Courage in Death, and Hope of a Resurrection.* Psalm xvi.

I.

WHEN God is nigh my Faith is strong,
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:
Be glad my Heart, rejoice my Tongue,
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

II.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, thou will not leave
My Soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

III.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high:
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous Way,
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

IV.

There, Streams of endless Pleasure flow;
And full Discoveries of thy Grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

XXII. *The Sinners Portion and Saints Hope.*
Psalm xvii.

I.

LORD I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
When Men of Spite against me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

II.

Their Hope and Portion lies below;
'Tis all the Happiness they know;

'Tis

'Tis all they seek, they take their Shares,
And leave the rest among their Heirs.

III.

What Sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blisful Face,
And stand compleat in Righteousness.

IV.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show,
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find thee there!

V.

O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And Flesh and Sin no more controul
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.

VI.

My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound,
Then burst the Chain with sweet Surprise,
And in my Saviour's Likeness rise.

XXIII. *Victory over temporal Enemies.*

Psalm xviii.

I.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd:
Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tower,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure Defence,

His

His holy Name our Souls invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When God our Leader shines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms ?
The Lightning of his Spear ?

IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind;
And Angels in Array,
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And swift as Flames obey.

V.

He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are dismay'd :
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look,
Strikes all their Courage dead.

VI.

He forms our Generals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill ;
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

VII.

Oft has the Lord whole Nations blest
For his own Churches Sake :
The Powers that give his People Rest,
Shall of his Care partake.

XXIV. *The Book of Nature and Scripture :*
For a Lord's Day Morning. Psalm xix.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker God ;

And

And a l his starry Works on high
Proclaim his Power abroad.

II.

The Darkneſs and the Night
Still keep their Courſe the ſame ;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

III.

In every different Land
Their general Voice is known
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

IV.

Ye *Britiſh* Lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his Word :
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

V.

His Statutes and Commands
Are ſet before our Eyes,
He puts his Goſpel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

VI.

His Laws are juſt and pure,
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

VII.

While of thy Works I ſing,
Thy Glories to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.

XXV. GOD *manifested in his Works and Word.* Psalm xix.

I.

THE Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord,
In every Star thy Wisdom shines :
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Night and Day thy Power confess ;
But the blest Volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

III.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, convey thy Praise
Round the whole Earth, and never stand :
So when thy Truth began its Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every Land.

IV.

Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run ;
Till *Christ* has all the Nations blest,
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.

V.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark World with heavenly Light ;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise ;
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgment right.

VI.

Thy noblest Wonders here we view,
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my Sin, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heaven.

XXVI.

XXVI. *The invisible Creator seen in his Works*

I.

THE spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial Sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

II.

The unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Power display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

III.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale ;
And nightly to the list'ning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth.

IV.

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

V.

What tho', in solemn Silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial Ball ;
What tho', nor real Voice, nor Sound
Amidst their radiant Orbs be found :

VI.

In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine ;
The Hand that made us is divine.

XXVII. *Prayer and Hope in Time of War.*
Psalm xx.

I.

NOW may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry ;
Jehovah hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings Deliverance from on high.

II.

The Name of *Jacob's* God defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls ;
He, from his Sanctuary, sends
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.

III.

Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds our best Deserts ;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Souls and contrite Hearts.

IV.

In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of *Israel's* God
Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

V.

Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
And some of Chariots make their Boast ;
Our surest Expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly Host.

VI.

Now save us, Lord, from slavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong ;
Till thy Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

XXVIII.

XXVIII. *God our Shepherd.* Psalm xxiii.

I.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd ;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

II.

He leads me to the Place
 Where heavenly Pasture grows ;
 Where living Waters gently pass,
 And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my Soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right Way,
 For his most holy Name.

IV.

While he affords his Aid,
 I cannot yield to fear :
 Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark
 Shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

V.

In Spight of all my Foes,
 Thou dost my Table spread :
 My Cup with Blessings overflows,
 And Joy exalts my Head.

VI.

The Bounties of thy Love
 Shall crown my following Days ;
 Nor from thy House will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

XXIX. *Heaven prepared for the Righteous.*

Psalm xxiv.

I.

THIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
And Men and Worms, and Beasts, and
Birds,

He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-Place.

II.

But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky :
Who shall ascend that blest Abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?

III.

He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And cloath his Soul with Righteousness.

IV.

Rejoice ye shining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory's nigh :
Who can this King of Glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

V.

Ye heavenly Gates your Leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, Way :
Laden with Spoils of Earth and Hell ;
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

VI.

Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before,
He opens Heaven's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a blest Abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

XXX.

XXX. *Works of Creation and Providence.*

Pſalm xxxiii.

I.

REJOICE ye Righteous in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you :
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, just, and true.

II.

His Mercy and his Righteousness
Let Heaven and Earth proclaim,
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wond'rous Name.

III.

His Wisdom and Almighty Word
The heavenly Arches spread :
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining Hosts were made.

IV.

He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep :
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Stations keep.

V.

Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
With Fear before him stand :
He spake, and Nature took its Birth,
And rests on his Command.

VI.

He scorns the angry Nation's Rage,
And breaks their vain Designs ;
His Counsel stands thro' ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory shines.

XXXI.

XXXI. *Works of Nature and Grace.*
 Psalm xxxiii.

I.

YE holy Souls in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's Praise becomes your
 Voice ;

Great is your Theme, your Songs be new :
 Sing of his Name, his Words, his Ways,
 His Works of Nature and of Grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true !

II.

Justice and Truth he ever loves,
 And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
 His Word the heavenly Arches spread :
 How wide they shine from North to South !
 And by the Spirit of his Mouth
 Were all the starry Armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
 Those wat'ry Treasures know their Place,
 In the vast Storehouse of the Deep :
 He spake, and gave all Nature Birth,
 And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven, and Earth,
 His everlasting Orders keep.

IV.

Let Mortals tremble and adore
 A God of such resistless Power,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage :
 Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your
 Hands,
 But his eternal Counsel stands,
 And rules the World from Age to Age.

XXXII.

XXXII. *The Perfections and Providence of*
G O D. Psalm xxxvi.

I.

HIGH in the Heavens, eternal God,
Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;
Thy Truth shall break thro' every Cloud
That veils and darkens thy Designs.

II.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

IV.

My God, how excellent thy Grace,
Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs!
The Sons of *Adam* in Distress
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Provisions of thy House
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

VI.

Life like a Fountain rich and free
Springs from the Presence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls shall see
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

XXXIII.

XXXIII. *In a Time of Sicknefs.*
 Pfalm xxxix.

I.

GOD of my Life, look gently down,
 Behod the Pains I feel;
 But I am dumb before thy Throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy Will.

II.

Diseases are thy Servants, Lord,
 They come at thy Command;
 I'll not attempt a murmuring Word
 Against thy chaf't'ning Hand.

III.

Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
 Remove thy sharp Rebukes;
 My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies,
 Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Crush'd, as a Moth, beneath thy Hand,
 We moulder to the Dust;
 Our feeble Powers can ne'er withstand,
 And all our Beauty's lost.

V.

I'm but a Sojourner below,
 As all my Fathers were;
 May I be well prepar'd to go,
 When I thy Summons hear!

VI.

But if my Life be spar'd a while,
 Before my last Remove,
 Thy Praise shall be my Business still,
 And I'll declare thy Love.

XXXIV.

XXXIV. *Christ our Sacrifice.* Psalm xl.

I.

TH E Wonders, Lord, thy Love has
[wrought
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

II.

No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt :
But thou hast set before our Eyes,
An all-sufficient Sacrifice.

III.

Lo ! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy Designs he bows his Ears,
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.

IV.

Behold ! I come (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
I come to bear the heavy Load
Of Sins, and do thy Will, my God.

V.

I'll magnify thy holy Law,
And Rebels to Obedience draw,
When on my Cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my Crown above the Sky.

VI.

The Spirit shall descend and shew
What thou hast done, and what I do :
The wond'ring World shall learn thy Grace,
Thy Wisdom and thy Righteousness.

XXXV.

XXXV. *The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.* Psalm xlv.

I.

NOW be my Heart inspir'd to sing
The Glories of my Saviour-King,
Jesus the Lord ; how heavenly fair
His Form ! how bright his Glories are !

II.

O'er all the Sons of human Race
He shines with a superior Grace ;
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Blessings all his State compose.

III.

Dress thee in Arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword ;
In Majesty and Glory ride,
With Truth and Meekness at thy Side.

IV.

Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart ;
Or Words of Mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

V.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the Scepter in thy Hands :
Thy Laws and Works are just and right,
Justice and Grace are thy Delight.

VI.

God, thine own God, has richly shed
His Oil of Gladness on thy Head :
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

XXXVI.

XXXVI. *The Safety and Triumph of the Church
amidst National Desolations.* Psalm xlv.

I.

GOD is the Refuge of his Saints
When Storms of sharp Distress invade;
E'er we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him present with his Aid!

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid World;
Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

III.

Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,
In sacred Peace our Souls abide:
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling Tide.

IV.

There is a Stream, whose gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our God;
Life, Love and Joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

V.

That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

VI.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure against a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Power.

XXXVII. CHRIST *ascending and reigning.*
 Psalm xlvii.

I.

O For a Shout of sacred Joy,
 To God the Sovereign King :
 Let every Land their Tongues employ,
 And Hymns of Triumph sing.

II.

Jesus our God ascends on high,
 His heavenly Guards around
 Attend him rising thro' the Sky,
 With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

III.

While Angels shout and praise their King,
 Let Mortals learn their Strains ;
 Let all the Earth his Honours sing,
 O'er all the Earth he reigns.

IV.

Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound ;
 Let Knowledge lead the Song :
 Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
 Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

V.

In *Israel* stood his antient Throne,
 He lov'd that chosen Race :
 But now he calls the World his own,
 And *Heathens* taste his Grace.

VI.

The *British* Islands are the Lord's,
 Here *Abraham's* God is known,
 While Powers and Princes, Shields and
 Swords
 Submit before his Throne.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII. *The final Judgment.* Psalm L.

I.

THE Lord, the Judge before his Throne,
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh ;
The Nations near the rising Sun,
And near the Western Sky.

II.

No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
Judgment will ne'er begin ;
No more abuse his long Delay,
To Impudence and Sin.

III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our God shall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm,
Lead on the dreadful Day.

IV.

Heaven from above his Call shall hear
Attending Angels come ;
And Earth and Hell shall know and fear
His Justice and their Doom.

V.

But gather all my Saints, he cries,
That made their Peace with God,
By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his Blood.

VI.

Their Faith and Works brought forth to
Light,
Shall make the World confess,
My Sentence of Reward is right,
And Heaven adore my Grace.

XXXIX. *The repenting Suppliant.* Psalm li.

I.

O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.

II.

Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin,
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

III.

I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight ;
Thine holy Joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort still afford :
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

V.

A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring :
The God of Grace will ne'er despise,
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

XL.

XL. GOD *chosen as our Happiness.*
 Psalm lxiii.

I.

Great God, indulge my humble Claim,
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
 The Glories that compose thy Name
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

II.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God;
 And I am thine by sacred Ties,
 Thy Son, thy Servant, bought with Blood.

III.

With Heart and Eyes, and lifted Hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look;
 As Travellers in thirsty Lands,
 Pant for the cooling Water-Brook.

IV.

With early Feet I love t'appear
 Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
 Oft have I seen thy Glories there,
 And felt the Power of Sovereign Grace.

V.

My Life itself without thy Love,
 No Taste of Pleasure could afford:
 'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

VI.

I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
 While I have Breath to pray or praise;
 This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
 And spend the Remnant of my Days.

XLI. *Seeking God.* Psalm lxiii.

I.

MY God, permit my Tongue
This Joy to call thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.

II.

Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place;
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

III.

For Life without thy Love,
No Relish can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

IV.

To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food or Pleasure give.

V.

Since thou hast been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies;
And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.

VI.

The Shadow of thy Wing
My Soul in Safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my Steps.

XLII. *Divine Providence displayed in its Works.* Psalm lxxv.

I.

THE God of our Salvation hears
The Groans of Zion mixt with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,
Thro' all the Way his Terror shines.

II.

He bids the noisy Tempest cease;
He calms the raging Crowds to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Wind, and loud as Waves.

III.

Behold his Ensigns sweep the Sky!
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly:
The heathen Lands, with swift Surprise,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

IV.

Seasons and Times obey his Voice,
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.

V.

'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high,
He gives the thirsty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops dispense.

VI.

The Defart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Food the Valleys yield;
The Valleys shout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

VII.

VII.

Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine,
 O'er every Field thy Glories shine;
 Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear;
 Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

XLIII. *Divine Bounty crowns the Year.*

Psalm lxxv.

I.

'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
 God of eternal Power,
 The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
 And Tempests cease to roar.

II.

The Morning Light and Evening Shade
 Successive Comforts bring;
 Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,
 Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

III.

Seasons, and Times, and Moons, and Hours,
 Heaven, Earth, and Air are thine:
 When Clouds distil in fruitful Showers,
 The Author is divine.

IV.

Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky,
 Born by the Winds around,
 With wat'ry Treasures well supply
 The Furrows of the Ground.

V.

The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill,
 And Ranks of Corn appear:
 Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,
 Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

XLIV.

XLIV. *Almighty Power conducts and guards
the Righteous.* Psalm lxvi.

I.

SING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful Noise ;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

II.

Say to the Power that shakes the Sky,
“ How terrible art thou !
“ Sinners before thy Presence fly,
“ Or at thy Feet they bow.”

III.

Come see the Wonders of our God,
How glorious are his Ways !
In *Moses*’ Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While *Israel* pass’d the Flood :
There did the Church begin their Joy
And Triumph in their God.

V.

He rules by his resistless Might ;
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th’ Eternal to the Fight,
Or tempt that dreadful War.

VI.

O bless our God, and never cease ;
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise ;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

XLV. *Prayer and Praise for Britain.*
 Psalm lxvii.

I.

SHINE, mighty God, on *Britain* shine
 With Beams of heavenly Grace;
 Reveal thy Power thro' all our Coasts,
 And shew thy smiling Face.

II.

Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
 Do thou our Glory stand;
 And like a Wall of Guardian Fire
 Surround the favourite Land.

III.

When shall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
 Sound all the Earth abroad:
 And distant Nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God.

IV.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
 Sing loud with solemn Voice:
 While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,
 And *British* Hearts rejoice.

V.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
 That sits enthron'd above,
 Wisely commands the Worlds he made
 In Justice and in Love.

VI.

Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
 And yield a full Increase:
 Our God will crown his chosen Isle
 With Fruitfulness and Peace.

VII.

VII.

God, the Redeemer, scatters round
 His choicest Favours here ;
 While the Creation's utmost Bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

XLVI. *Praise for temporal Blessings.*
 Psalm lxxviii.

I.

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good;
 Who fills our Hearts with Joy and
 [Food ;
 Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,
 And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

II.

He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
 To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
 He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
 Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

III.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
 And all our near Escapes from Death :
 Safety and Health to God belong ;
 He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
 The common Blessings of his Love :
 But the wide Difference that remains,
 Is endless Joy or endless Pains.

V.

The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
 On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread ;

The

The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

VI.

But his Right-hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas ;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There they shall taste his special Love.

XLVII. *The Kingdom of Christ.*
Psalm lxxii.

I.

GREAT God, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds
obey,

Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne !

II.

Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,
All Heaven submits to his Commands ;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

III.

With Power he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust :
His Worship and his Fear shall last,
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.

IV.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down :
His Grace on fainting Souls distills,
Like heavenly Dew on thirsty Hills.

V.

V.

The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overspreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.

VI.

The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Dress'd in the Robes of Joy and Praise :
Peace, like a River from his Throne,
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

XLVIII. *The Pleasure of public Worship.*
Psalm lxxxiv.

I.

HOW pleasant how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Desire my Spirit faints,
To meet the Assemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Flesh would rest in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for God :
My God ! my King ! why should I be,
So far from all my Joys and Thee ?

III.

Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majesty :
Thy brightest Glories shine above ;
And all their Work is Praise and Love.

IV.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace :
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face and learn thy Praise.

V.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;
God is their Strength, and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

VI.

Chearful they walk with growing Strength,
Till all shall meet in Heaven at length:
Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

XLIX. *Presence of God our supreme Felicity.*
Psalms lxxxiv.

I.

GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The Joy that from thy Presence
[springs:
To spend one Day with Thee on Earth,
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

II.

Might I enjoy the meanest Place
Within thy House, O God of Grace;
Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Power,
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

III.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day;
God is our Shield, he guards our Way;
From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without, and Foes within.

IV.

All needful Grace will God bestow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too:

He

He gives us all Things, and with-holds,
No real Good from upright Souls.

V.

O God, our King, whose sovereign Sway,
The glorious Hosts of Heaven obey;
And Devils at thy Presence flee;
Blest is the Man that trusts in thee!

L. *Delight in public Worship.* Psalm lxxxiv.

I.

LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are,
To thine Abode
My Heart aspires
With warm Desires,
To see my God,

II.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there:
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

III.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears,

O glorious Seat ;
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing Feet.

IV.

To spend one sacred Day,
 Where God and Saints abide,
 Affords diviner Joy
 Than thousand Days beside :
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the Door
 Than shine in Courts.

V.

The Lord his People loves ;
 His Hand no Good with-holds,
 From those his Heart approves,
 From pure and pious Souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

LI. *The Power and Majesty of God.* Psalm
 lxxxix.

I.

With Reverence let the Saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord ;
 His high Commands with Reverence hear,
 And tremble at his Word.

II.

How terrible thy Glories be !
 How bright thine Armies shine !

Where

Where is the Power that vies with thee ?
Or Truth compar'd with thine ?

III.

The *Northern* Pole, and *Southren* rest
On thy supporting Hand :
Darkness and Day from *East* to *West*
Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boist'rous Deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows sleep.

V.

Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell ;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine
When *Egypt* durst rebel ?

VI.

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace :
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy Face.

LII. *Life, Death, and the Resurrection.* Psalm
lxxxix.

I.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man ;
How few his Hours ! How short his
Span !

Short from the Cradle to the Grave,
Who can secure his vital Breath,
Against the bold Arrests of Death,
With Skill to fly, or Power to save ?

F 3

II.

II.

Lord shall it be for ever said,
 The Race of Man was only made
 For Sickneſs, Sorrow, and the Duſt !
 Are not thy Servants Day by Day
 Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay ?
 Lord, where's thy Kindneſs to the juſt ?

III.

Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his ſeed an heavenly Crown ?
 But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair ;
 For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
 That Faith can read his holy Word
 And find a Reſurrection there.

IV.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
 Who gives his Saints a long Reward
 For all their Toil, Reproach, and Pain:
 Let all below and all above
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

LIII. *Man mortal, God eternal.* Pfalm xc.

I.

TH R O' every Age, eternal God,
 Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode:
 High was thy Throne, e'er Heaven was
 made,

Or Earth thy humble Footſtool laid.

II.

Long haſt thou reign'd e'er Time began,
 Or Duſt was faſhion'd into Man ;

And

And long thy Kingdom shall endure,
When Earth and Time shall be no more.

III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die ;
Made up of Guilt and Vanity :
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was just,
Return, ye Sinners, to your Dust.

IV.

Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away ; our Life's a Dream ;
An empty Tale ; a Morning Flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

V.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man,
And kindly lengthen out our Span ;
Till a wise Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

LIV. *Frailty and Vanity of human Life.*

Pfalm xc.

I.

LORD, if thine Eyes survey our Faults,
And Justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

II.

Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust
By one Offence to thee :
Adam with all his Sons have lost
Their Immortality.

III.

Life like a vain Amusement flies,
A Fable or a Song,

By

By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

IV.

Our Vitals, with laborious Strife,
Bear up the heavy Load,
And drag those poor Remains of Life
Along the tiresome Road.

V.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone,
O let our sweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne!

VI.

Our Souls would learn the heavenly Art
T' improve the Hours we have;
That we may act the wiser Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

LV. *For the Lord's Day.* Psalm xcii.

I.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and
sing;

To shew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

II.

My Heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his Works, and bless his Word:
Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

III.

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like

Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath,
Blast them in everlasting Death.

IV.

But I shall share a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed
Like holy Oil to chear my Head.

V.

Sin, my worst Enemy before,
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more ;
My inward Foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my Peace again.

VI.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every Power find sweet Employ,
In that eternal World of Joy.

LVI. *The Rage of the Wicked vain against the
Counsels and Kingdom of God. Psalm xciii.*

I.

THE Lord, *Jehovah*, reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd ;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with Sovereign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

II.

Upheld by thy Commands,
The World securely stands ;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word :
Thy Throne was fixt on high

Before

Before the starry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

III.

In vain the noisy Crowd,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rise and roar:
In vain, with angry Spite,
The furious Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

IV.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Powers engage,
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down:
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

V.

Thy Promises are true;
Thy Grace is ever new;
There fixt, thy Church shall ne'er remove:
Thy Saints with holy Fear,
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting Love.

LVII. *A solemn Call to Worship.* Psalm xcv.

I.

COME sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing:
Jehovah is the Sovereign God,
The universal King.

II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown,
He gave the Seas their Bound;

The

The wat'ry Worlds are all his own,
And all the solid Ground.

III.

Come, worship at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his Works and not our own,
He form'd us by his Word.

IV.

To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod ;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious God.

V.

But if your Ears refuse
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like stubborn *Jews*,
That unbelieving Race.

VI.

The Lord in Vengeance drest,
Will lift his Hand and swear ;
You that despise my promis'd Rest
Shall have no Portion there.

LVIII. *God of the Gentiles.* Psalm xcvi.

I.

LET all the Earth their Voices raise
To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
To sing and bless *Jehovah's* Name ;
His Glory let the *Heathens* know,
His Wonders to the Nations shew,
And all his saving Works proclaim.

II.

II.

The *Heathens* know thy Glory, Lord :
 The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
 In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known :
 Our Worship shall no more be paid
 To Gods which mortal Hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.

III.

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
 He made the shining Worlds on high,
 And reigns compleat in Glory there :
 His Beams are Majesty and Light ;
 His Beauties how divinely bright !
 His Temple how divinely fair !

IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
 When Earth shall feel his saving Power,
 And barbarous Nations fear his Name ;
 Then shall the Race of Man confess
 The Beauty of his Holiness,
 And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

LIX. *The Creator worship'd.* Psalm c.

I.

SING to the Lord with joyful Voice,
 Let every Land his Name adore ;
 The *British* Isles shall send the Noise
 Across the Ocean to the Shore.

II.

Nations attend before his Throne
 With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy,
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, he can destroy.

III.

III.

His Sovereign Power, without our Aid,
 Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
 And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

We are his People, we his Care,
 Our Souls and all our mortal Frame;
 What lasting Honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

V.

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
 High as the Heavens our Voices raise;
 And Earth, with her ten thousand Tongues,
 Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

VI.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
 Vast as Eternity thy Love;
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
 When rolling Years shall cease to move.

LX. *Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies;*
 Psalm ciii.

I.

O Bless the Lord, my Soul,
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
 Whose Favours are divine.

II.

O bless the Lord, my Soul,
 Nor let his Mercies lie
 Forgotten in Unthankfulness,
 And without Praises die.

G

III.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy Pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy Sicknelles,
 And makes thee young again.

IV.

He crowns thy Life with Love
 When ransom'd from the Grave :
 He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell
 Hath sovereign Power to save.

V.

He fills the Poor with Good,
 He gives the Sufferers Rest :
 The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
 And Justice for th' Opprest.

VI.

His wond'rous Works and Ways
 He made by *Moses* known ;
 But sent the World his Truth and Grace
 By his beloved Son.

LXI. *Abounding Compassion of G O D.*

Psalm ciii.

I.

MY Soul, repeat his Praise,
 Whose Mercies are so great ;
 Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide ;
 And when his Strokes are felt,
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
 And lighter than our Guilt.

III.

III.

High as the Heavens are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Power subdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love,
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Dust,
Scatter'd with every Breath;
His Anger, like a rising Wind,
Can send us swift to Death.

VII.

But thy Compassions, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

LXII. GOD *the Governor of the Universe.*
Psalm civ.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, what Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name!
The Heavens are for his Curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed.

II.

The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand ;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Lest it should drown the Earth again.

III.

The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round:
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

IV.

God, from his cloudy Cistern, pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Showers
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

V.

Vast are thy Works, Almighty Lord,
All Nature rests upon thy Word :
And the whole Race of Creatures stands
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

VI.

While haughty Sinners die accurst,
Their Glory buried with their Dust ;
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

LXIII. *Israel led to Canaan, Christians to
Heaven. Psalm cvii.*

I.

GIVE Thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love:
His Mercy Ages past have known,
And Ages long to come shall own.

II.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The Wonders of his Grace record ;
Israel, the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

III.

In their Distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide ;
He led their March far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan's* Ground.

IV.

Thus when our first Release we gain
From Sin's hard Yoke, and *Satan's* Chain ;
We have this Desert World to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome Place.

V.

He feeds and cloaths us all the Way ;
He guides our Footsteps lest we stray ;
He guards us with a powerful Hand,
And brings us to the heavenly Land.

VI.

O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord !
How great his Works ! how kind his Ways !
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

LXIV. *Nations blest and punished.*

Psalm cvii.

I.

WHEN God, provok'd by daring
Crimes,
Scourges the Madness of the Times,

He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

II.

His Word can raise the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green :
Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies,
And Harvests in the Defart rise.

III.

Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,
He lets the *Heathen* Nations in :
A savage Crew invade their Lands,
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

IV.

Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Desolation spreads the Field.

V.

Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns :
Again he makes the Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.

VI.

How few with pious Care record
These wond'rous Dealings of the Lord ?
But wise Observers still shall find,
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

LXV. *Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.*

Psalm cx.

I.

JESUS our Lord, ascend thy Throne,
And near thy Father sit ;

In

In *Zion* shall thy Power be known,
And make thy Foes submit.

II.

What Wonders shall thy Gospel do !
Thy Converts shall surpass
The numerous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy sovereign Grace.

III.

God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
When *Aaron's* is no more.

IV.

Melchisedeck, that wond'rous Priest,
That King of high Degree ;
That holy Man who *Abraham* blest,
Was but a Type of thee.

V.

Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above :
Jesus our King for ever gives
The Blessings of his Love.

VI.

God shall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain :
Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead
Who dare oppose his Reign.

LXVI. *Wisdom of GOD in his Works.*

Psalm cxi.

I.

SONGS of immortal Praise belong
To my Almighty God ;

He

He has my Heart, and he my Tongue,
To spread his Name abroad.

II.

How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in ev'ry Age have sought
His Wonders with Delight.

III.

How most exact is Nature's Frame!
How wise th' eternal Mind!
His Counsels never change the Scheme
That his first Thoughts design'd.

IV.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
He fixt his Covenant sure:
The Orders which his Lips pronounce
To endless Years endure.

V.

Nature, and Time, and Earth, and Skies
Thy heavenly Skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise?
But learn to read thy Name.

VI.

To fear thy Power, to trust thy Grace,
Is our divinest Skill:
And he's the wisest of our Race
That best obeys thy Will.

LXVII. *The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.* Psalm cxii.

I.

THrice happy Man who fears the Lord,
Loves his Commands, and trusts his
Word, Honour

Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Blessings to his Seed descend.

II.

Compassion dwells upon his Mind,
To Works of Mercy still inclin'd ;
He lends the Poor some present Aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.

III.

When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,
For God with all his Pow'r is there.

IV.

His Soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly Courage from his Word:
Amidst the Darkness Light shall rise,
To cheer his Heart, and bless his Eyes.

V.

He hath dispers'd his Alms abroad,
His Works are still before his God :
His Name on Earth shall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

LXVIII. *The true G O D our Refuge.*

Psalm cxv.

I.

NOT to ourselves, who are but Dust,
Not to ourselves is Glory due ;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name ;
Why should a Heathen's haughty Tongue
Insult

Insult us, and to raise our Shame,
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*

III.

The God we serve maintains his Throne,
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies ;
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

IV.

But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood,
At best a Mass of glittering Oar,
A silver Saint, or golden God.

V.

O *Israel*, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest ;
The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.

VI.

The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave ?
But we shall live to sing thy Grace ;
And tell the World thy Power to save.

LXIX. *Recovery from Sickness.* Psalm cxvi.

I.

I Love the Lord, he heard my Cries,
And pitied every Groan :
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.

II.

I love the Lord ; he bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away :

O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray!

III.

My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead;
While inward Pangs, and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

My God, I cry'd, thy *Servant* save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy Power can rescue from the Grave,
Thy Power is all my Trust.

V.

The Lord beheld me fore distressed,
And bid my Pains remove;
Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.

VI.

My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
Thro' all my following Years.

LXX. For the Lord's Day. Psalm CXVIII.

I.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own
Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround the Throne.

II.

To-day he rose, and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell:

To-day

To-day the Saints his Triumph spread
And all his Wonders tell.

III.

Hosanna! to th' annointed King,
To *David's* holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring,
Salvation from the Throne.

IV.

Blest be the Lord who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace :
Who comes in God his Father's Name;
To save our sinful Race.

V.

Hosanna! in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise :
The highest Heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

LXXI. *Salvation by Christ.* Psalm CXVIII.

I.

SEE what a living Stone !
The Builders did refuse :
But God hath built his Church thereon,
In Spite of envious *Jews*.

II.

The Scribes and angry Priests
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,
As the chief Corner-stone.

III.

The Work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our Eyes,

This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did *Jefus* rise.

IV.

This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and fing, and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

V.

Hofannah to the King
Of *David's* royal Blood !
Bless him, ye Saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

VI.

We bless thy holy Word,
Which all this Grace displays ;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

LXXII. *The Blessedness of the Righteous.*
Psalm cxix.

I.

BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart
Whose Ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

II.

Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practise thy Commands ;
With their whole Heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their Hands.

III.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law ;
How firm their Souls abide !

H

Nor

Nor can a bold Temptation draw,
Their steady Feet aside.

IV.

Then shall my Heart have solid Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame ;
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

V.

But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst :
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.

VI.

Vile as the Dross the Wicked are ;
And those that leave thy Ways,
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

LXXIII. *Avouching* G O D as our *Portion*.
Psalm cxix.

I.

THOU art my Portion, O my God,
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes Haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

II.

I chuse the Path of heavenly Truth,
And glory in my Choice :
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

III.

The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes :
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

IV.

IV.

If once I wander from thy Path,
 I think upon my Ways ;
 Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
 And trust thy pardoning Grace.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine ;
 O save thy Servant, Lord ;
 Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
 My Hope is in thy Word.

VI.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine,
 Thy Statutes to fulfil ;
 And thus till mortal Life shall end
 Would I perform thy Will.

LXXIV. *Perfection of Scripture.*
 Psalm cxix.

I.

LET all the Heathen Writers join,
 To form one perfect Book ;
 Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
 How mean their Writings look !

II.

Not the most perfect Rules they gave
 Could shew one Sin forgiv'n ;
 Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave,
 But thine conduct to Heaven.

III.

I've seen an End of what we call
 Perfection here below :
 How short the Powers of Nature fall,
 And can no farther go.

IV.

Yet Man would fain be just with God,
 By Works their Hands have wrought,
 But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every Thought.

V.

In vain we boast Perfection here,
 While Sin defiles our Frame ;
 And sink our Virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the Name.

VI.

Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
 Fall far below thy Word :
 But perfect Truth and Righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

LXXXV. *Desire of Spiritual Instruction.*

Pfalm cxix.

I.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
 How good thy Works appear !
 Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
 And see thy Wonders there.

II.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
 My Service is thy Due :
 O make thy Servant understand
 The Duties he must do.

III.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,
 Let not thy Path be hid :
 But mark the Road my Feet should go,
 And be my constant Guide.

IV.

IV.

If God to me his Statutes shew,
And heavenly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

V.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief :
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

VI.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways :
My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praise.

LXXVI. *Sanctified Afflictions.* Psalm cxix.

I.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand ;
How kind was thy chastising Rod
That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God !

II.

Foolish and vain I went astray,
E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord ;
I left my Guide, and lost my Way ;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to rise and swell :
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

IV.

The Law that issues from thy Mouth
 Shall raise my chearful Passions more,
 Than all the Treasures of the *South*,
 Or *Western* Hills of golden Ore.

V.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within ;
 Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,
 And guide me safe from Death and Sin.

VI.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my Salvation shall rejoice ;
 For I have hoped in thy Word,
 And made thy Grace my only Choice.

LXXVII. *God our Preserver.* Psalm cxxi.

I.

UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
 From God is all my Aid :
 The God that built the Skies,
 And Earth and Nature made :

God is the Tower
 To which I fly :
 His Grace is nigh,
 In every Hour.

II.

My Feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal Snares ;
 Since God my Guard and Guide
 Defends me from my Fears ;
 Those wakeful Eyes
 That never sleep,

Shall

Shall *Israel* keep
When Dangers rise.

III.

No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Evening Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there :

Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath :

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

LXXVIII. *Pardoning Grace.* Psalm cxxx.

I.

F R O M deep Distress and troubled
Thoughts,

To thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries ;
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.

II.

But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to dispense thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

III.

III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking Day ;
So waits my Soul before thy Gate ;
When will my God his Face display !

IV.

My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain :
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

V.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son,
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

LXXIX. *Christ dwelling and reigning in his Church.* Psalm cxxxii.

I.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
An Habitation for our God ;
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood ?

II.

The God of *Jacob* chose the Hill
Of *Zion* for his antient Rest :
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,
His Church is with his Presence blest.

III.

Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;
Here shall my Power and Love be known,
And Blessings shall attend my Word.

IV.

IV.

Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread ;
Sinners that wait before my Door,
With sweet Provision shall be fed.

V.

The Saints, unable to contain,
Their inward Joy, shall shout and sing ;
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her King.

VI.

Jesus shall see a numerous Seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious Name ;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame.

LXXX. *The Church God's House and Care.*
Psalm cxxxv.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait ;
Ye Saints that to his House belong,
Or stand attending at his Gate.

II.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good ;
To praise his Name is sweet Employ ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

III.

The Lord himself will judge his Saints,
He treats his Servants as his Friends ;
And when he hears their fore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

IV.

IV.

Thro' ey'ry Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppressor's Rod;
He gives his suffering Servants Rest,
And will be known *th' Almighty God.*

V.

Bless ye the Lord who taste his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name ;
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells ;
His Church is his *Jerusalem.*

LXXXI. G O D *alone to be praised.*

Psalm cxxxv.

I.

A WAKE ye Saints, to praise your King
Your sweetest Passions raise ;
Your pious Pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the Praise.

II.

Great is the Lord, and Works unknown
Are his Divine Employ ;
But still his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treasure and his Joy.

III.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, confess his Hand;
He bids the Vapours rise ;
Lightning and Storms at his Command
Sweep thro' the sounding Skies.

IV.

All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But *Heathen* Gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah's* known.

V.

V.

Which of the Stocks and Stones they trust,
 Can give them Show'rs of Rain ?
 In vain they worship glittering Dust,
 And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

O Britain know thy living God,
 Serve him with Faith and Fear :
 He makes thy Churches his Abode,
 And claims thine Honours there.

LXXXII. *The never-ceasing Kindness of
 Heaven adored.* Psalm cxxxvi.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord ;
 The Sovereign King of Kings ;
 And be his Grace ador'd :
 His Power and Grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.

II.

How mighty is his Hand !
 What Wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,
 And spread the Heavens alone :
 Thy Mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

III.

III.

His Wisdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light :
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To chear the darksome Night :

His Power and Grace
Are still the same ;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

IV.

He saw the Nations lie
All perishing in Sin,
And pity'd the sad State
The ruin'd World was in :

Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.

V.

He sent his only Son
To save us from our Woe ;
From *Satan*, Sin, and Death,
And every hurtful Foe :

His Power and Grace
Are still the same ;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.

VI.

Give Thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King ;
And let the spacious Earth
His Works and Glories sing :

Thy

Thy Mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

LXXXIII. *Restoring and preserving Grace.*
 Psalm cxxxviii.

I.

WITH all my Powers of Heart and
 Tongue

I'll praise my Maker in my Song;
 Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
 Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

II.

Angels that make thy Church their Care
 Shall witness my Devotion there:
 While holy Zeal directs my Eyes,
 To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

III.

I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
 Not all thy Works and Names below
 So much thy Power and Glory shew.

IV.

The God of Heaven maintains his State,
 Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
 But from his Throne descends to see
 The Sons of humble Poverty.

V.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
 Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
 And keep my dying Faith alive.

I

VI-

VI.

Grace will compleat what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows or from Sins ;
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

LXXXIV. *The ever-present, all-seeing God.*
Psalm cxxxix.

I.

L O R D, thou hast search'd and seen me
thro';
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh with all their powers,

II.

Within thy circling Arms I stand ;
On every Side I find thine Hand :
Awake, asleep, at Home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

III.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love ;
Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run ?

IV.

If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light ;
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy Chains.

V.

Or should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the spreading Veil of Night,

One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

VI.

O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

LXXXV. *Wisdom of God in the human Frame.*
Psalm cxxxix.

I.

WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work, I own thine Hand
That built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possess,
Where unborn Nature grew ;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd
And all my Members drew.

III.

Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of every Part,
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

IV.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and
Wind,

Shew me thy wond'rous Skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner Wonders still,

V.

Thy awful Glories round me shine,
 My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;
 Lord, to thy Works of Nature join
 Thy Miracles of Grace.

LXXXVI. *The Greatness of G O D.*
 Psalm cxlv.

I.

MY God, my King, thy various Praise
 Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;
 Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
 Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

II.

The Wings of every Hour shall bear
 Some thankful Tribute to Thine Ear:
 And ev'ry setting Sun shall see
 New Works of Duty done for thee.

III.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim,
 Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
 Thy Mercy swift; thine Anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

IV.

Thy Works with sovereign Glory shine,
 And speak thy Majesty divine;
 Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
 The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

V.

Let distant Times and Nations raise
 The long Succession of thy Praise;
 And unborn Ages make my Song
 The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

VI.

VI.

But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds ?
 Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds :
 Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,
 Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

LXXXVII. GOD *hearing Prayers.*
 Psalm cxlv.

I.

LET every Tongue thy Goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all :
 Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
 And raise the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
 Or Virtue lies distressed
 Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
 Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

III.

The Lord supports our tott'ring Days,
 And guides our giddy Youth ;
 Holy and just are all his Ways,
 And all his Words are Truth.

IV.

He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
 He hears his Children cry,
 And their best Wishes to fulfil
 His Grace is ever nigh.

V.

His Mercy never shall remove
 From Men of Heart sincere ;
 He saves the Souls whose humble Love
 Is join'd with holy Fear.

VI.

My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise
 And spread his Fame abroad :
 Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise
 The Honours of their God.

LXXXVIII. *God praised for his Goodness and Truth.* Psalm cxlvi.

I.

I'LL praise my Maker with my Breath,
 And when my Voice is lost in Death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler Powers ;
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
 While Life, and Thought, and Being last,
 Or Immortality endures.

II.

Why should I make a Man my Trust ?
 Princes must die, and turn to Dust ;
 Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood :
 Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power
 And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour,
 Nor can they make their Promise good.

III.

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
 On *Israel's* God ; he made the Sky,
 And Earth and Seas, with all their Train :
 His Truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the Poor,
 And none shall find his Promise vain,

IV.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking Mind ;
 He sends the labouring Conscience Peace:
 He

He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.

V.

He loves his Saints; he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every Tongue, let every Age
In this exalted Work engage,
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

LXXXIX. *A Song of Praise for Great-Britain.* Psalm cxlvii.

I.

O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow:
Not Walls of Brass could guard thee so.

II.

Thy Children are secure and blest;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest;
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.

III.

Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later Rains;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.

IV.

With hoary Frost he strows the Ground;
His Hail descends with clattering Sound:
Where is the Man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?

V.

V.

He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow ;
 The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow ;
 But he hath nobler Works and Ways
 To call the *Britons* to his Praise.

VI.

To all the Isle his Laws are shewn ;
 His Gospel thro' the Nation known ;
 He hath not thus reveal'd his Word ;
 So every Land——Praise ye the Lord.

XC. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

Psalm cxlvi.

I.

YE Tribes of *Adam* join
 With Heaven, and Earth, and Sea
 And offer Notes divine
 To your Creator's Praise :

Ye holy Throng
 Of Angels bright,
 In Worlds of Light
 Begin the Song.

II.

Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
 And Moon that rules the Night,
 Shine to your Maker's Praise
 With Stars of twinkling Light :

His Power declare
 Ye Floods on high
 And Clouds that fly
 In empty Air.

III.

III.

The shining Worlds above
 In glorious Order stand,
 Or in swift Courses move
 By his supreme Command.

He spake the Word,
 And all their Frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels
 In unknown Ages past,
 And each his Word fulfils
 While Time and Nature last.

In different Ways
 His Works proclaim
 His wond'rous Name,
 And speak his Praise.

V.

Let all the Nations fear
 The God that rules above ;
 He brings his People near,
 And makes them taste his Love.

While Earth and Sky
 Attempt his Praise,
 His Saints shall raise
 His Honours high.

XCI. *For the Fifth of November.* Psalm lxxv.

I.

TO thee, most holy, and most high,
 To thee we bring our thankful Praise;

Thy

Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave ;
Her Frame dissolv'd, her Fears were great,
When God a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome Laws ;
His Feet shall tread the Oppressor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

IV.

Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful Head ;
But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
And own the King that God hath made.

V.

Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow :
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

VI.

Now shall the Lord exalt the Just ;
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Dust,
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.

XCII. *On the Fifth of November.*
Psalm cxxiv.

I.

HAD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When

When Men to make our Lives a Prey,
Rose like the Swelling of the Tide.

II.

The Swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

III.

We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

IV.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare:
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our threat'ned Lives his Care.

V.

Our Help is in *Jehovah's* Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies,
He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

XCH. *Christ's Obedience and Death.*

Psalm lxix.

I.

FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous Grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name,
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.

II.

His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal:

Fulfill'd

Fulfill'd the law which Mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy Will.

III.

His Life a willing victim made
Shall better please my God,
Then Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

IV.

This shall his humble Followers see,
And set their Hearts at Rest ;
They by his Death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.

V.

Let Heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their Voices raise ;
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t'advance the Praise.

VI.

Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her Gates ;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood,
For thy own *Israel* waits.

XCIV. *God's Sovereign Dominion.*

I.

Almighty God ! thy Powerful Word
From nothing all Things brought ;
Earth, Seas, and Skies, by thee their Lord,
With Skill divine were wrought.

II.

By thee preserv'd, the whole remains
A Proof of Power divine ;

And

And all that this great All contains
By fovereign Right is thine.

III.

Thou over all art Lord supreme,
All else from thee derive :
No Being can dispute this Claim,
Or independent live.

IV.

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow ;
To thee our all resign ;
Entire to thee ourselves we vow
For we are wholly thine.

V.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live,
From other Lords withdrawn :
No more to Idols Homage give,
Nor think ourselves our own.

VI.

Accept what now, without Reserve,
We to thy Will resign :
And let thy mighty Grace preserve,
And perfect what is thine.

XCV, *Frail Life.*

I.

LORD, what a feeble Frame is ours !
How vain a Thing is Man !
How frail are all his boasted Powers !
And short, at best, his Span !

II.

Swift as the feather'd Arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding Air ;

Or as a kindling Meteor dies,
E'er it can well appear.

III.

So pass our fleeting Years away,
And Time runs on its Race :
In vain we ask a Moment's Stay,
Nor will it slack its Pace.

IV.

But, Lord, what mighty Things depend
On our precarious Breath !
And soon this dying Life will end
In endless Life or Death.

V.

Oh ! make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our grand Concern,
And for our Change prepare.

VI.

May think of Death, and learn to die
To all inferior Things ;
Whilst our glad Souls still soaring fly
Tow'rd's Life's eternal Springs.

VII.

Then may we bid our Years roll on,
And Time make Haste away :
The sooner will our Souls be gone
To endless Life and Day.

XCVI. *Divine Providence ; and the Homage
it demands.*

GREAT Lord of Earth, and Seas, and
Skies,

Tha

Thy Wealth the needy World supplies ;
 On thee alone the whole depends,
 Thy Care to ev'ry Part extends

II.

To thee perpetual Thanks we owe,
 For all our Comforts here below :
 Our daily Bread thy Bounty gives,
 Our starving Souls thy Grace relieves.

III.

To thee we now glad Homage bring,
 In grateful Hymns thy Praises sing,
 Direct to thee our joyful Eyes,
 And humbly look for fresh Supplies.

IV.

On thee we'll evermore depend,
 The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend :
 Thy Wisdom shall our Portion chuse,
 Nor will we once thy Choice refuse.

V.

And should thy Measures seem severe,
 Thy just Rebukes will calmly bear ;
 Without Complaint to thee submit,
 Th' unerring Judge of what is fit.

VI.

Smile on us, Lord, we'll sing thy Praise :
 Correct, yet we'll commend thy Ways :
 We'll our own Thoughts and Wills resign ;
 And still approve each Choice divine.

XCVII. *A Prayer for brotherly Love.*

I.

JESUS, my Saviour, and my King,
 Of all I have or hope the Spring ;

K 2

Send

Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my Heart with holy Love.

II.

May I from ev'ry Act abstain
That hurts or gives my Neighbour Pain;
And ev'ry secret Wish suppress.
That would abridge his Happiness.

III.

Still may I feel my Heart inclin'd,
To act the Friend to all Mankind:
Still wish them Safety, Health, and Ease,
Wealth, Fame, eternal Life, and Peace.

IV.

Still let my Bowels melt and flow,
When I behold a Wretch in Woe;
And in his Sorrows bear a Part,
With ev'ry one of heavy Heart.

V.

And should my Neighbour spiteful prove,
Still let me vanquish Spite with Love,
Slow to resent though he should grieve,
But apt and ready to forgive.

VI.

Let Love in all my Conduct shine
An Image faint, tho' fair of thine:
Thus would I thy Disciple prove,
Great *Prince of Peace*, great *King of Love*.

XCVIII. *A Thought of Sicknefs and Death.*

I.

MY Soul, the Minutes haste away;
Apace comes on th'important Day,

When

When in the icy Arms of Death,
I must give up my vital Breath.

II.

Look forward to the awful Scene,
How wilt thou be affected then ?
When from on high some sharp Disease
Resistless shall these Vitals seize.

III.

When worldly Glories fade away,
Fast as I feel my Life decay:
Still dwindling till they disappear,
Like Vapours lost in empty Air.

IV.

When all Eternity's in Sight;
The brightest Day, or blackest Night ;
One Shock will break the Building down,
And waft thee swift to Worlds unknown.

V.

Oh, come, my Soul, the Matter weigh !
How wilt thou leave thy kindred Clay ?
And how the unknown Regions try,
And launch into Eternity ?

VI.

By Faith the heavenly Realms explore,
Oft try thy Wings, and upward soar :
Be dead to Earth, dwell much on high,
Then calmly live, and bravely die.

XCIX. *Properties Charity.*

I.

LET Men of high Conceit and Zeal,
Their *Fervours* and their *Faith* proclaim,

If *Charity* be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding Name.

II.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the Mind,
And Zeal to set the World on Fire :
But Charity is calm and kind,
And gentle Thoughts will still inspire.

III.

She's meek, and patient, suff'ring long,
But slowly her Resentments rise :
Soon she forgets the greatest Wrong,
But Rage and all Revenge defies.

IV.

She envies none their better State,
But makes her Neighbour's Bliss her own:
Nor vaunts herself with Mind elate,
But still a modest Air puts on.

V.

She drives all Malice from her Breast,
To ill Suspicions ne'er gives way ;
But ever hopes and thinks the best,
And, as she thinks, is apt to say.

VI.

This is the Grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn ;
When *Hope* shall in Enjoyment die,
And *Faith* to Sight triumphant turn.

C. *The happy Man.*

I.

BLEST is the Man who fears the Lord,
And walks with Pleasure in his Ways,

Who

Who trembles at his holy Word,
 And gladly his Command obeys:
 His House with blessings shall abound,
 His Seed be mighty and renown'd.

II.

A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart,
 His Kindness widely he extends,
 The Poor in all his Wealth have Part,
 To some he gives, to others lends :
 Yet what his Bounty wastes, repairs
 By wisely ord'ring his Affairs.

III.

When Times with dismal Face appear,
 By frightful Clouds and Gloom o'erspread;
 His Heart shall entertain no Fear,
 Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head ;
 His Faith shall bear his Courage up,
 And God approve and crown his Hope.

IV.

When raging Waves and Tempests roar,
 And Sinners and their Hopes are drown'd;
 He'll sit, and see it, safe on Shore,
 With Life and with Salvation crown'd :
 On Earth Renown, and Heav'n above,
 Shall recompence his Faith and Love.

CI. *On the Death of Ministers.*

I.

NOW let our mourning Hearts revive,
 And all our Tears be dry ;
 Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief
 Which view a Saviour nigh ?

II.

II.

What though the Arm of conqu'ring Death
Does God's own House invade?
What tho' the Prophet and the Priest
Be number'd with the Dead?

III.

Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,
And mute th'instructive Tongue.

IV.

Th'eternal Shepherd still survives
New Comfort to impart;
His Eye still guides us, and his Voice
Still animates our Hearts.

V.

"Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My Church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose Souls in me confide."

VI.

Thro' every Scene of Life and Death,
This Promise is our Trust;
And this shall be our Children's Song,
When we are cold in Dust.

CII, *The Year crowned with God's Goodness.
For New Year's Day.*

I.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ
While in thy Temple we appear,
Thy Goodness crowns the circling Year.

II.

II.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole ;
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

III.

The flow'ry Spring at thy Command
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land ;
The Summer Rays with Vigor shine
To raise the Corn, and cheer the Vine,

IV.

Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days,
Demand successive Songs of Praise ;
Still be the chearful Homage paid,
With opening Light, and Evening Shade.

V.

Here in thy House shall Incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes ;
Still will we make thy Mercies known,
Around thy Board, and round our own.

VI.

O may our more harmonious Tongues
In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs ;
And in those brighter Courts adore,
Where Days and Years revolve no more !

CIII. *God adored for his wonderful Works to
the Children of Men.*

I.

YE Sons of Men, with Joy record
The various Wonders of the Lord
And let his Power and Goodness sound
Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.

II.

Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,
Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light ;
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,
And Stars that glow from Pole to Pole.

III.

Sing Earth in verdant Robes array'd,
Its Herbs and Flowers, its Fruit and Shade;
Peopled with Life of various Forms,
Fishes, and Fowls, and Beasts, and Worms.

IV.

View the broad Sea's majestick Plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns :
That band remotest Nations joins,
And on each Wave his Goodness shines.

V.

But O ! That brighter World above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love !
God's only Son in Flesh array'd,
For Man a bleeding Victim made.

VI.

Thither my Soul, with Rapture soar,
There in the Land of Praise adore;
This Theme demands an Angel's Lay.
Demands an undeclining Day.

CIV. *Deliverance celebrated.*

I.

Great Source of Life, our Souls confess
The various Riches of thy Grace;
Crown'd with thy Mercy we rejoice,
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

II.

II.

By thee Heav'ns shining Arch was spread,
 By thee were Earth's Foundations laid,
 And all the Charms of Men's Abode
 Proclaim the wise; the gracious God.

III.

Thy tender Hand restores our Breath,
 When trembling near the Verge of Death;
 Gently it wipes away our Tears,
 And lengthens Life to future Years.

IV.

These Lives are sacred to the Lord;
 Kindled by him, by him restor'd:
 And while our hours renew their Race,
 Still would we walk before his Face.

V.

So when our Souls by him are led
 Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead;
 With Joy triumphant shall they move
 To Seats of nobler Life above.

CV. *The timorous Saint encouraged from the
 Presence and Help of God.*

I.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our Fear?
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
 Our God. for ever near?

II.

Doth thy Right Hand which form'd the
 Earth,
 And bears up all the Skies,

Stretch

Stretch from on high its friendly Aid,
When Dangers round us rise ?

III.

Dost thou a Father's Bowels feel
For all thy humble Saints ?
And in such tender Accents speak
To sooth their sad Complaints ?

IV.

On this Support my Soul shall lean,
And banish every Care ;
The gloomy Vale of Death must smile,
If God be with me there.

V.

While I his gracious Succour prove
'Midst all my various Ways,
The darkest Shades, thro' which I pass,
Shall eccho with his Praise.

CVI. *God's Government, Zion's Joy.*

I.

YE Subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal Honours of his Name ;
Jehovah reigns, be all your Song :
Tis he, thy God, O *Zion* reigns,
'Prepare thy most harmonious Strains,
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

II.

Ye Princes, boast no more your Crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring Trifles down
In lowly Honours at his Feet :
A Span your narrow Empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created Rounds,
In self-sufficient Glory great.

III.

III.

Tremble, ye Pageants of a Day,
 Form'd like your Slaves of brittle Clay,
 Down to the Dust your Sceptres bend :
 To everlasting Years he reigns,
 And undiminish'd Pomp maintains
 When Kings, and Suns, and Time shall
 end.

IV.

So shall his favour'd *Zion* live ;
 In vain confederate Nations strive
 Her sacred Turrets to destroy :
 Her Sovereign sits enthron'd above,
 And endless Power, and endless Love
 Insure her Safety, and her Joy.

 CVII. *A Prayer for the Revival of Religion.*

I.

Indulgent Sovereign of the Skies,
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious Ear
 While feeble Mortals raise their Cries,
 Wilt thou, the great *Jehovah*, hear ?

II.

Look down, O God, with pitying Eye,
 And view the Desolation round ;
 See what wide Realms in Darkness lie,
 And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

III.

Loud let the Gospel Trumpet blow,
 And call the Nations from afar ;
 Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
 And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

L

IV.

IV.

With gentle Beams on *Britain* shine,
 And bless her Princes and her Priests ;
 And by their Energy divine,
 Let sacred Love o'erflow their Breasts.

V.

Triumphant here let *Jesus* reign,
 And on his Vineyard sweetly smile ;
 While all the Virtues of his Train
 Adorn our Church, and bless our Isle.

VI.

On all our Souls let Grace descend,
 Like heavenly Dew, in copious Showers ;
 That we may call our God our Friend,
 That we may hail Salvation ours.

VII.

Then shall each Age and Rank agree
 United Shouts of Joy to raise :
 And *Zion* made a Praise by thee,
 To thee shall render back the Praise.

CVIII. *God the Support and Guardian of the
 Poor.*

I.

PRAISE to the Sovereign of the Sky,
 Who from his lofty Throne ;
 Looks down on all that humble lie,
 And calls such Souls his own.

II.

The haughty Sinner he disdains,
 Tho' Gems his Temples crown ;
 And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride
 His Vengeance hurls him down.

III.

III.

On his afflicted *pious* Poor
 He makes his Face to shine ;
 He fills their Cottages of Clay
 With Lustre all divine.

IV.

Among the meanest of thy Flock
 There let my Dwelling be,
 Rather than under gilded Roofs,
 If absent, Lord, from thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted though we are,
 In thy strong Name we trust ;
 And bless the Hand of sov'reign Love,
 Which lifts us from the Dust.

CIX. *Invitation to the Sacred Supper.*

I.

MY God, and is thy Table spread !
 And does thy Cup with Love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all thy Children led,
 And let them all its Sweetness know.

II.

Hail sacred Feast, which *Jesus* makes !
 Rich Banquet of his Flesh and Blood !
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food !

III.

Why are its Dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling Hearts display'd ?
 Was not for you the Victim slain ?
 Are you forbid the Children's Bread ?

IV.

O let thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful Guests;
And may each Soul Salvation see,
That here its sacred Pledges tastes.

V.

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd,
With Hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's Board,
The Pleasure, or the Profit end.

VI.

Revive thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping Graces live;
And more that Energy afford,
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

CX. *Christ the Sun of Righteousness.*

I.

TO Thee, O God, we Homage pay,
Source of the Light that rules the Day;
Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,
Reflects thy Rays, and speaks thy Name.

II.

In louder Strains we sing that Grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness;
Whose nobler Light Salvation brings,
And scatters Healing from his Wings.

III.

Still on our Hearts may *Jesus* shine
With Beams of Light and Love divine!
Quick'ned by him our Souls shall live,
And, cheer'd by him, shall grow and thrive.

IV.

O may his Glories stand confess'd
 From *North* to *South*, from *East* to *West* !
 Successful may his Gospel run
 Wide as the Circuit of the Sun !

V.

When shall that radiant Scene arise,
 When, fix'd on high in purer Skies ;
Christ all his Lustre shall display
 On all his Saints thro' endless Day !

 CXI. *Grace perfected in Glory.*

I.

HOW rich thy Favours, God of Grace!
 How various and divine !
 Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,
 And bright as Heav'n they shine.

II.

He to eternal Glory calls,
 And leads the wond'rous Way
 To his own Palace, where he reigns
 In uncreated Day.

III.

Jesus, the Herald of his Love,
 Displays the radiant Prize,
 And shews the Purchase of his Blood
 To our admiring Eyes.

IV.

He perfects what his Hand begins,
 And Stone on Stone he lays ;
 Till firm and fair the Building rise,
 A Temple to his Praise.

V.

The Songs of everlasting Years
 That Mercy shall attend,
 Which leads thro' Suff'rings of an Hour
 To Joys that never end.

CXII. *The Dissolution of the present World.*

I.

MY waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings
 Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;
 See this vain World in Smoke decay,
 And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

II.

Behold the fiery Deluge roll
 Thro' Heaven's wide Arch from Pole to Pole
 Pale Sun, no more thy Lustre boast;
 Tremble and fall, ye starry Host.

III.

This Wreck of Nature all around,
 The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound
 Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
 And eccho his tremendous Name.

IV.

Children of *Adam* all appear,
 With Rev'ence round his awful Bar;
 For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go
 To endless Bliss, or endless Woe.

V.

Lord, to mine Eyes this Scene display
 Frequent thro' each revolving Day,
 And let thy Grace my Soul prepare
 To meet its full Redemption there!

CXIII.

CXIII. *Communion with God and Christ.*

I.

O U R heav'nly Father calls,
 And *Christ* invites us near ;
 With both our Friendship shall be sweet,
 And our Communion dear.

II.

God pities all my Griefs,
 He pardons every Day ;
 Almighty to protect my Soul,
 And wise to guide my Way.

III.

How large his Bounties are !
 What various Stores of Good
 Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,
 And purchas'd with his Blood !

IV.

Jesus. my living Head,
 I bless thy faithful Care ;
 Mine Advocate before thy Throne,
 And my Forerunner there.

V.

Here fix my roving Heart,
 Here wait my warmest Love,
 Till the Communion be compleat,
 In nobler Scenes above.

 CXIV. *Christ, the King of the invisible World.*

I.

H A I L to the Prince of Life and Peace,
 Who holds the Keys of Death and
 Hell !

The

The spacious World unseen is his,
And sovereign Power becomes him well.

II.

In Shame and Torment once he died ;
But now he lives for evermore :
Bow down ye Saints, around his Seat,
And all ye Angel Bands adore.

III.

So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy Foes, and guard thy Friends:
While all thy chosen Tribes rejoice,
That thy Dominion never ends.

IV.

Worthy thy Hand to hold the Keys,
Guided by Wisdom, and by Love ;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life,
O'er Worlds below, and Worlds above.

V.

When Death thy Servants shall invade,
When Powers of Hell thy Church annoy ;
Controul'd by thee, their Rage shall help
The Cause, they labour'd to destroy.

VI.

For ever reign, victorious King :
Wide thro' the Earth thy Name be known ;
And call my longing Soul to sing
Sublimer Anthems near thy Throne,

CXV. *The Pounties of Providence praised.*

I.

FATHER of Lights, we sing thy Name.
Who kindlest up the Lamp of Day ;

Wide

Wide as he spreads his golden Flame,
His Beams thy Power and Love display.

II.

Fountain of Good, from thee proceed
The copious Drops of genial Rain ;
Which, thro' the Hills, and thro' the Meads
Revive the Grass, and swell the Grain.

III.

Thro' the wide World thy Bounties spread ;
Yet Millions of our guilty Race,
Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,
Affront thy Law, and spurn thy Grace.

IV.

Not so may our forgetful Hearts
O'erlook the Tokens of thy Care ;
But what thy lib'ral Hand imparts
Still own in Praise, still ask in Pray'r.

V.

So shall our Suns more grateful shine,
And Show'rs in sweeter Drops shall fall,
When all our Hearts and Lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

VI.

Jesus, our brighter Sun arise,
In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit send ;
Earth then shall grow a Paradise,
And in the heav'nly *Eden* end.

CXVI. *The final Happiness of the Righteous.*

I.

ATTEND mine Ear, my Heart rejoice;
While *Jesus* from his Throne,

Amidst

Amidst the bright angelick Hosts,
Makes his last Sentence known.

II.

When Sinners, banish'd from his Face,
To raging Flames are driv'n,
His Voice, with Melody divine,
Thus calls his Saints to Heaven.

III.

" Blest of my Father, all draw near,
" Receive the large Reward :
" And rise with Triumph to possess
" The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

IV.

" E'er Earth's Foundations first were laid,
" This Sov'reign Purpose wrought,
" And rear'd those Palaces divine
" To which you now are brought.

V.

" There shall you reign unnumber'd Years,
" Protected by my Power,
" While Sin, and Hell, and Pains, and Cares
" Shall vex your Souls no more."

VI.

Come, dear majestick Saviour, come,
This *Jubilee* proclaim,
And teach us Accents fit to praise
So great, so dear a Name.

CXVII. *Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.*

I.

SEE, *Israel's* gentle Shepherd stands
With all engaging Charms ;

Hark,

Hark, how he calls his tender Lambs,
And folds them in his Arms !

II.

“ Permit them to approach, he cries,
“ Nor scorn their humble Name ;
“ It was to bless such Souls as these,
“ The Lord of Angels came.

III.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful Hands,
And yield them up to thee :
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our Offspring be.

IV.

Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear,
Ye Children, seek his Face ;
And fly with Transports to receive
The Blessings of his Grace.

V.

If Orphans they are left behind,
Thy Guardian Care we trust :
That Care shall heal our bleeding Hearts,
If weeping o'er their Dust.

CXVIII. *Hosannah to Christ coming.*

I.

HARK the glad Sound! the Saviour
comes,

The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And every Voice a Song.

II.

On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred Fire ;

Wisdom,

Wisdom, and Might, and Zeal, and Love,
His holy Breast inspire.

III.

He comes the Pris'ners to release
In *Satan's* Bondage held ;
The Gates of Brass before him burst,
The Iron Fetters yeild.

IV.

He comes from thickest Films of Vice
To clear the mental Ray ;
And on the Eye oppress'd with Night
To pour celestial Day.

V.

He comes the broken Heart to bind,
The bleeding Soul to cure ;
And with the Treasures of his Grace
T'enrich the humble Poor.

VI.

Our glad *Hofannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And Heaven's eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

CXIX. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

I

Y E S, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the Dead ;
And o'er our hellish Foes
High rais'd his conquering Head.

In wild Dismay
The Guards around
Fell to the Ground,
And sunk away.

II.

II.

Lo, the Angelic Bands
In full Assembly meet,
To wait his high Commands,
And worship at his Feet :

Joyful they come
And wing their Way
From Realms of Day
To such a Tomb.

III.

Then back to Heav'n they fly,
And the glad Tidings bear :
Hark ! as they soar on high
What Music fills the Air !

Their Anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Hath left the Dead,
He rose To-day.

IV.

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,
Redeem'd by him from Hell ;
And send the Tidings round
The Globe on which you dwell :

Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Hath left the Dead
No more to die.

V.

All-hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'ft us with thy Blood :
Wide be thy Name ador'd
Thou rising, reigning God !

With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And Empire gain
 Beyond the Skies.

CXX. *A crucified Jesus adored.*

I.

BEHOLD, th' amazing Sight,
 The Saviour lifted high !
 Behold, the Son of God's Delight,
 Expire in Agony !

II.

For whom, for whom, my Heart,
 Were all these Sorrows born ?
 Why did he feel that piercing Smart,
 And meet that various Scorn ?

III.

For Love of us he bled,
 And all in Torture dy'd ;
 'Twas Love that bow'd his fainted Head,
 And op'd his gushing Side.

IV.

I see, and I adore
 In Sympathy of Love ;
 I feel the strong attractive Power,
 To lift my Soul above.

V.

Drawn by such Cords as these,
 Let all the Earth combine,
 With chearful Ardor to confess
 The Energy divine.

VI.

VI.

In thee our Hearts unite,
 Nor share thy Grievs alone ;
 But from thy Cross pursue their Flight
 To thy triumphant Throne.

CXXI. *The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind by
 the first and second Adams.*

I.

WITH flowing Eyes and bleeding
 Hearts

A blasted World survey !
 See the wide Ruin Sin hath wrought
 In one unhappy Day !

II.

Adam, in God's own Image form'd,
 From God and Bliss estrang'd ;
 And all the Joys of Paradise
 For Guilt and Horror chang'd !

III.

O fatal Heritage bequeath'd
 To all his helpless Race !
 Thro' the thick Maze of Sin and Woe
 Down to the Grave we pass.

IV.

But, O my Soul, with Rapture hear
 The second *Adam's* Name :
 And the celestial Gifts, he brings
 To all his Seed, proclaim.

V.

In Holiness and Joy compleat
 He reigns to endless Years ;

And each adopted chosen Child
His splendid Image wears.

VI.

What tho' in mortal Life they mourn ?
What tho' by Death they fall ?
Jesus in one triumphant Day
Transforms and crowns them all.

VII.

Praise to his rich mysterious Grace
Ev'n by our Fall we rise ;
And gain, for earthly *Eden* lost,
An heav'nly Paradise.

CXXII. *God our Guardian and Helper.*
For a New-Year's-Day.

I

Great God, we sing that mighty Hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The op'ning Year thy Mercy shews
That Mercy crowns it, till it close.

II.

By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant Bounty fed,
By his unerring Counsel led.

III.

With grateful Hearts the Past we own ;
The Future all to us unknown,
We to thy Guardian Care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

IV.

In Scenes exalted or depress'd
Thou art our Joy, and thou our Rest :

Thy

Thy Goodness all our Hopes shall raise
Ador'd thro' all our changing Days.

V.

When Death shall interrupt these Songs,
And seal in Silence mortal Tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better Worlds our Souls shall boast.

CXXIII. *The grand Scheme of the Gospel.*

I.

WE sing the deep mysterious Plan,
Which God devis'd e'er Time began;
At length disclos'd in all its Light :
We bless the wond'rous Birth of Love,
Which beams around us from above,
With Grace so free, and Hope so bright.

II.

Here has the wise, eternal Mind
In *Christ*, their common Head, conjoin'd,
Gentiles and Jews, and Earth, and Heav'n:
Thro' him from the great Fàther's Throne
Rivers of Bliss come rolling down,
And endless Peace and Life are giv'n.

III.

No more the awful *Cherubs* guard
The Tree of Life with flaming Sword,
To drive afar Man's trembling Race ;
At *Salem's* pearly Gates they stand,
And smiling wait (a friendly Band !)
To welcome Strangers to the Place.

IV.

While we expect that glorious Sight,
Love shall our Hearts with theirs unite,

And ardent Hope our Bosoms raise :
 From Earth's dark Vale, and Tongues of
 Clay,
 To those resplendent Realms of Day,
 We'll try to send the sounding Praise.

CXXIV. *On a Fast-Day, in Time of War.*

I.

Great God of Heaven and Nature, rise,
 And hear our loud united Cries :
 See *Britain* bow before thy Face
 Thro' all her Coasts, to seek thy Grace.

II.

No Arm of Flesh we make our Trust ;
 Nor Sword, nor Horse, nor Ships we boast:
 Thine is the Land, and thine the Main;
 And human Force and Skill is vain.

III.

Our Guilt might draw thy Vengeance down
 On ev'ry Shore, on ev'ry Town ;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying Eye,
 And lay thy lifted Thunder by.

IV.

Forgive the Follies of our Times,
 And purge our Land from all its Crimes ;
 Reform'd and deck'd with Grace divine,
 Let Princes, Priests, and People shine.

V.

O may no God-provoking Sin
 Thro' all our Camps and Navies reign !
 No foul Reproach, to drive from thence
 Our surest Glory and Defence.

VI.

VI.

So shall our God delight to bless,
 And crown our Arms with wide Success :
 Our Foes shall dread *Jehovah's* Sword,
 And conqu'ring *Britain* shout the Lord.

CXXV. *A new Song to the Lamb that was slain.*

I.

BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
 Amidst his Father's Throne ;
 Prepare new Honours for his Name,
 And Songs before unknown.

II.

Let Elders worship at his Feet,
 The Church adore around,
 With Vials full of Odours sweet,
 And Harps of sweeter Sound.

III.

Those are the Prayers of the Saints,
 And these the Hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our Complaints,
 He loves to hear our Praise.

IV.

Eternal Father, who shall look
 Into thy secret Will ?
 Who but the Son should take that Book
 And open every Seal ?

V.

He shall fulfil thy great Decrees,
 The Son deserves it well ;
 Lo, in his Hand the Sovereign Keys
 Of Heav'n, and Death, and Hell.

VI.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless Blessings paid,
 Salvation, Glory, Joy, remain
 For ever on thy Head.

VII.

Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
 Hast set the Prisoners free,
 Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

 CXXVI. *The Nativity of Christ.*

I.

BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
 The Promise is fulfill'd :
Mary the wond'rous Virgin bears,
 And *Jesus* is the Child.

II.

The Lord, the highest God,
 Calls him his only Son ;
 He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
 And gives him *David's* Throne.

III.

To bring the glorious News,
 A heavenly Form appears ;
 He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
 And banishes their Fears.

IV.

“ Go, humble Swains, said he,
 “ To *David's* City fly ;
 “ The promis'd Infant born To-day,
 “ Doth in a Manger lie.

V.

“ With Looks and Hearts serene
 “ Go visit *Christ* our King ;”
 And strait a flaming Troop was seen,
 The Shepherds heard them sing.

VI.

*Glory to God on high,
 And Heavenly Peace on Earth,
 Good will to Men, to Angels Joy,
 At the Redeemer's Birth,*

VII.

In Worship so divine
 Let Saints employ their Tongues;
 With the celestial Host we join
 And loud repeat their Songs.

CXXVII. *Submission to afflicted Providences.*

I.

NAKED as from the Earth we came,
 And crept to Life at first,
 We to the Earth return again,
 And mingle with our Dust.

II.

The dear Delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short Favours borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.

III.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the Grave ;
 He gives, and (blessed be his Name)
 He takes but what he gave.

IV.

IV.

Peace all our angry Passions then,
 Let each rebellious Sigh
 Be silent at his Sov'reign Will,
 And every Murmur die.

V.

If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
 Its Praises shall be spread ;
 And we'll adore the Justice too
 That strikes our Comforts dead.

CXXVIII. *The Blessedness of Gospel Times.*

I.

HOW beauteous are their Feet
 Who stand on Zion's Hill ;
 Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
 And Words of Peace reveal !

II.

How happy are our Ears
 That hear this joyful Sound ;
 Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

III.

How blessed are our Eyes,
 That see this heavenly Light :
 Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
 But dy'd without the Sight !

VI.

The Watchmen join their Voice,
 And tuneful Notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,
 And Desarts learn the Joy.

V.

The Lord makes bare his Arm
Through all the Earth abroad ;
Let every Nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

CXXIX. *A Vision of the Lamb.*

I.

ALL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears;
Behold, amidst the eternal Throne,
A Vision of the Lamb appears !

II.

Lo, he receives a sealed Book
From him that sits upon the Throne ;
Jesus my Lord, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.

III.

The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting Hills,
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the Book, to loose the Seals.

IV.

Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with transporting Pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King.

V.

Thou hast redeem'd our Souls from Hell
With thine invaluable Blood ;
And Wretches that did once rebel
Are now made Fav'rites of their God.

VI.

VI.

Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for Treasons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's Throne.

CXXX. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ.*

I.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.

II.

When from the Dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope
That they should never die.

III.

What tho' our inbred Sins require
Our Flesh to see the Dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his Followers must.

IV.

There's an Inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that Day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

V.

Saints by the Power of God are kept
Till the Salvation come ;
We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
Till *Christ* shall call us Home.

CXXXI. *Strength from Heaven.*

I.

WHence do our mournful Thoughts
arise?

And where's our Courage fled?
Has restless Sin, and raging Hell
Struck all our Comforts dead?

II.

Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?

III.

Treasures of everlasting Might
In our *Jehovah* dwell,
He gives the Conquest to the weak,
And treads their Foes to Hell.

IV.

Meer mortal Power shall fade and die,
And youthful Vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our Strength increase.

V.

The Saints shall mount on Eagle's Wings,
And taste the promis'd Bliss,
Till their unwearied Feet arrive
Where perfect Pleasure is.

CXXXII. *The Martyrs glorified.*

I.

THES E glorious Minds, how bright they
shine!

Whence all their white Array?

N

How

*How came they to the happy Seats
Of everlasting Day ?*

II.

From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys,
On fiery Wheels they rode ;
And strangely wash'd their Raiment white
In *Jesus'* dying Blood.

III.

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his Throne,
Their warbling Harps, and sacred Songs,
Adore the Holy One.

IV.

The unvail'd Glories of his Face,
Amongst his Saints reside ;
While the rich Treasure of his Grace,
Sees all their Wants supply'd.

V.

Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls,
And Hunger flee as fast :
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
Shall be their sweet Repast.

VI.

The Lamb shall lead his heavenly Flock
Where living Fountains rise ;
And Love divine shall wipe away
All Sorrows from their Eyes.

CXXXIII. *The Christian Race.*

I

A WAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)

Awake,

Awake, and run the heavenly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

II.

True, 'tis a straight and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

III.

The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young ;
And firm endures while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

IV.

From thee the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

V.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode ;
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly Road.

CXXXIV. *Persevering Grace.*

I.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises bring.

II.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,

Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

III.

He will present our Souls
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

V.

To our redeemer God
Wisdom and Power belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

CXXXV. *Christ our high Priest and King;
and Christ coming to Judgment.*

I.

NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praise above.

II.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest Sins,
And wash'd us in his richest Blood;
'Tis he that makes us Kings and Priests,
And brings us Rebels near to God.

III.

To *Jesus* our attoning Priest,
To *Jesus* our superior King,

Be everlasting Power confest,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.

IV.

Behold, on flying Clouds he comes,
And ev'ry Eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning Love.

V.

The unbelieving World shall wail
While we rejoice to see the Day :
Come, Lord ; nor let thy Promise fail,
Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

CXXXVI. *Adoption.*

I.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous Grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God !

II.

'Tis no surprizing Thing
That we should be unknown ;
The *Jewish* World knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

III.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our God.

IV.

A Hope, so much divine,
May Trials well endure,

May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As *Christ* the Lord is pure.

V.

We would no longer lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne ;
My Faith shall *Abba* Father cry ;
And thou the Kindred own.

CXXXVII. *A Morning Hymn.*

I.

GOD of the Morning, let whose Voice
The chearful Sun makes Haste to rise,
And like a Giant doth rejoice
To run his Journey through the Skies.

II.

From the fair Chambers of the East
The Circuit of its Race begins,
And without Weariness or Rest
Round the whole Earth he flies and shines.

III.

O, like the Sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed Duties of the Day ;
With ready Mind, and active Will,
March on, and keep my heavenly Way.

IV.

But I shall rove, and lose the Race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this World's wild Maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.

V.

Lord, thy Commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded Eyes ;

Thy

Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.

VI.

Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Bliss;
All my Desires and Hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

CXXXVIII. *An Evening Hymn.*

I.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his Power prolongs my Days;
And ev'ry Evening shall make known,
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

II.

Much of my Time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my Home;
But he forgives my Follies past,
He gives me Strength for Days to come.

III.

I lay my Body down to Sleep,
Peace is the Pillow for my Head;
While well-appointed Angels keep
Their watchful Stations round my Bed.

IV.

In vain the Sons of Earth or Hell
Tell me a Thousand frightful Things;
My God in Safety makes me dwell
Beneath the Shadow of his Wings.

V.

Faith in his Name forbids my Fear!
O may thy Presence ne'er depart!

And

And in the Morning make me hear
The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.

VI.

Thus when the Night of Death shall come
My Flesh shall rest beneath the Ground,
And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb,
With sweet Salvation in the Sound.

CXXXIX. *The Beatitudes.*

I.

BLEST are the humble Souls that see
Their Emptiness and Poverty ;
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.

II.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From Rage, and Passion, Noise, and War;
God will secure their happy State,
And plead their Cause against the Great.

III.

Blest are the Souls that thirst for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteousness ;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living Streams, and living Bread.

IV.

Blest are the pure, whose Heart is clean
From the defiling Powers of Sin ;
With endless Pleasures they shall see
A God of spotless Purity.

V.

Blest are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;

They

They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.

VI.

Blest are the Sufferers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for *Jesus*' Sake ;
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

CXL. *Not asham'd of the Gospel.*

I.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

II.

Jesus, my God, I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame ;
Nor let my Hope be lost.

III.

Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure ;
What I've committed to his Hands,
Till the decisive Hour.

IV.

Then will he own my worthless Name
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New *Jerusalem*
Appoint my Soul a Place.

CXLI. *Heaven invisable and holy.*

I.

NOR Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard,
Nor Sense nor Reason known,
What Joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a Heav'n to come ;
The Beams of Glory in his Word
Allure and guide us Home.

III.

Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace ;
No wanton Lips, or envious Eye
Can see or taste the Bliss.

IV.

These holy Gates for ever bar
Pollution, Sin, and Shame ;
None shall obtain Admittance there
But Followers of the Lamb.

V.

He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their Names are found ;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CXLII. *Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.*

I.

HOW large the Promise ! How divine,
To *Abram* and his Seed !
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their Need.

II.

II.

The Words of his extensive Love
 From Age to Age endure :
 The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
 And seals the Blessing sure.

III.

Jesus the ancient Faith confirms
 To our great Fathers giv'n ;
 He takes young Children to his Arms,
 And calls them Heirs of Heav'n.

IV.

Our God, how faithful are his Ways ?
 His Love endures the same ;
 Nor from the Promise of his Grace
 Blots out the Children's Name.

CXLIII. *The Gospel a Savour of Life to some,
 of Death to others.*

I.

CHRIST and his Cross is all our Theme,
 The Myst'ries that we speak
 Are Scandal in the *Jews* Esteem,
 And Folly to the *Greek*.

II.

But Souls enlightened from above
 With Joy receive the Word ;
 They see what Wisdom, Power, and Love,
 Shines in their dying Lord.

III.

The vital Savour of his Name
 Restores their fainting Breath :
 But Unbelief perverts the same
 To Guilt, Despair, and Death.

IV.

IV.

Till God diffuse his Graces down,
 Like Showers of heav'nly Rain,
 In vain *Apollos* sows the Ground,
 And *Paul* may plant in vain.

CXLIV. *Children devoted to God.*

I.

THUS faith the Mercy of the Lord,
 I'll be a God to thee ;
 I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they
 Shall be a Seed for me.

II.

Abra'm believ'd the promis'd Grace,
 And gave his Son to God ;
 But Water seals the Blessing now
 That once was seal'd with Blood.

III.

Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her House,
 When she receiv'd the Word ;
 Thus the believing Jaylor gave
 His Household to the Lord.

IV.

Thus later Saints, eternal King,
 Thine antient Truth embrace ;
 To thee their Infant Offspring bring,
 And humbly claim the Grace.

CXLV. *Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.*

I.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
 Of our high Priest above ;

His

His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

II.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame,
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

III.

But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While *Satan's* fiery Darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to Blood.

IV.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears ;
And in his Meaſure feels aſreſh
What every Member bears.

V.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame ;
The bruifed Reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

VI.

Then let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Power ;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

CXLVI. *Submission and Deliverance, or Abraham offering his Son.*

I.

SAINTS, at your Father's heavenly Word,
Give up your Comforts to the Lord ;

O

He

He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you Blessings more divine.

II.

So *Abra'm* with obedient Hand
Led forth his Son at God's Command ;
The Wood, the Fire, the Knife, he took
His Arm prepar'd the dreadful Stroke.

III.

Abra'm forbear, the Angel cry'd,
Thy Faith is known, thy Love is try'd ;
Thy Son shall live, and in thy Seed
Shall the whole Earth be blest'd indeed.

IV.

Just in the last distressing Hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring Power ;
The Mount of Danger is the Place
Where we shall see surprizing Grace.

CXLVII. *Love and Hatred.*

I.

NOW, by the Bowels of my God,
His sharp Distress, his sore Complaints,
By his last Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

II.

Clamour, and Wrath, and War be gone,
Envy and Spite for ever cease,
Let bitter Words no more be known
Amongst the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

III.

The Spirit like a peaceful Dove
Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife ;

Why

Why should we vex and grieve his Love,
Who seals our Souls to heav'nly Life.

IV.

Tender and kind be all our Thoughts,
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run :
So God forgives our num'rous Faults.
For the dear Sake of *Christ* his Son.

CXLVIII. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy.*

I.

GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost Mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

II.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear :
The painted Hypocrites are known,
Thro' the Disguise they wear.

III.

Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,
Their bending Knees the Ground ;
But God abhors the Sacrifice
Where not the Heart is found.

IV.

Lord, search my Thoughts, and try my
Ways,
And make my Soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

CXLIX. *Love and Charity.*

I.

LET Pharisees of high Esteem
Their Faith and Zeal declare ;
All their Religion is a Dream,
If Love be wanting there.

II.

Love suffers long with patient Eye,
Nor is provok'd in Haste,
She lets the present Injury die
And long forgets the past.

III.

Malice and Rage, those Fires of Hell,
She quenches with her Tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endure the Wrong.

IV.

She nor desires nor seeks to know,
The Scandals of the Time ;
Nor looks with Pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

V.

She lays her own Advantage by,
To seek her Neighbour's Good ;
So God's own Son came down to die
And bought our Lives with Blood.

VI.

Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,
In all the Realms above ;
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.

CL. *Salvation by Grace in Christ.*

I.

NOW to the Power of God Supreme,
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n.
 He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
 He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heaven.

II.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
 But of his own abounding Grace,
 He works Salvation in our Hearts,
 And forms a People for his Praise.

III.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
 To rescue Rebels doom'd to die :
 He gave us Grace in *Christ* his Son,
 Before he spread the starry Sky.

IV.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's Counsels known ;
 Declares the great Transactions past,
 And brings immortal Blessings down.

V.

He dies ; and, in that dreadful Night,
 Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy ;
 Rising he brought our Heav'n to Light,
 And took Possession of the Joy.

CLI. *Christ and Aaron.*

I.

JESUS, in thee our Eyes behold
 A thousand Glories more,
 Than the rich Gems, and polish'd Gold,
 The Sons of *Aaron* wore.

O 3

II.

II.

They first their own Burnt-off' rings brought,
 To purge themselves from Sin ;
 Thy Life was pure without a Spot,
 And all thy Nature clean.

III.

Fresh Blood, as constant as the Day,
 Was on their Altar spilt ;
 But thy one Off'ring takes away
 For ever all our Guilt.

IV.

Once in the Circuit of a Year
 With Blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the Vail appears,
 Before the golden Throne.

V.

But *Christ*, by his own pow'ful Blood,
 Ascends above the Skies ;
 And in the Presence of our God,
 Shews his own Sacrifice.

VI.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
 On *Zion's* heav'nly Hill ;
 Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
 And wears his Priesthood still.

VII.

He ever lives to intercede
 Before his Father's Face :
 Give him, my Soul, thy Cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

CLII. *The Names and Titles of Christ.*

I.

WITH chearful Voice I sing
The Titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the Names
Of Honour from his Word :

Nature and Art

Can ne'er supply

Sufficient Forms

Of Majesty.

II.

In *Jefus* we behold
His Father's glorious Face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely Rays :

Th' eternal God's

Eternal Son,

Inherits and

Partakes the Throne.

III.

The fovereign *King of Kings*,
The *Lord of Lords* most high,
Writes his own Name upon
His Garment and his Thigh :

His Name is call'd

The Word of God ;

He rules the Earth

With Iron Rod.

IV.

Immense Compassion reigns

In our *Immanuel's* Heart,

When he descends to act

A Mediator's Part :

He

He is a Friend,
And Brother too ;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

V.

At length the Lord the *Judge*
His awful Throne ascends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends :

Then shall the Saints
Compleatly prove
The Heights and Depths
Of all his Love.

CLIII. *The Offices of Christ.*

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore :

All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
My *Saviour* forth.

II.

But, O, what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heav'nly Grace !

Mine Eyes with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

III.

III.

Array'd in mortal Flesh
 He like an *Angel* stands,
 And holds the Promises
 And Pardons in his Hands:
 Commision'd from
 His Father's Throne,
 To make his Grace
 To Mortals known.

IV.

Great *Prophet* of my God,
 My Tongue would bless thy Name;
 By thee the joyful News
 Of our Salvation came;
 The joyful News
 Of Sins forgiv'n,
 Of Hell subdu'd
 And Peace with Heav'n.

V.

Now let my Soul arise,
 And tread the Tempter down;
 My *Captain* leads me forth
 To Conquest and a Crown:
 A feeble Saint
 Shall win the Day
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.

CLIV. *A Song of Praise unto God from
 Great-Britain.*

I.

Nature, with all her Powers, shall sing
 God the Creator and the King:

Nor

Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

II.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne ;
Tune your Harps high, and spread the Sound
To the Creation's utmost Bound.

III.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force, and own his Name ;
Whilst with our Souls, and with our Voice,
We sing his Honours, and our Joys.

IV.

This *Northern* Isle, our native Land,
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's Hand :
Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating Chain.

V.

Raise monumental Praises high
To him that thunders thro' the Sky,
And with an awful Nod or Frown
Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

VI.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name ;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

CLV. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

I.

WH Y do we mourn departing Friends?
Or shake at Death's Alarms ?

'Tis but the Voice that *Jefus* fends,
To call them to his Arms.

II.

Are we not tending upward too,
As faft as Time can move ?
Nor would we wifh the Hours more flow,
To keep us from our Love.

III.

Why fhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb ?
There the dear Flefh of *Jefus* lay,
And left a long Perfume.

IV.

The Graves of all the Saints he bleft,
And foften'd every Bed;
Where fhould the dying Members reft,
But with the dying Head ?

V.

Thence he arofe, afcending high,
And fhew'd our Feet the Way ;
Up to the Lord our Flefh fhall fly
At the great Riling-Day.

VI.

Then let the laft loud Trumpet found,
And bid our Kindred rife ;
Awake ye Nations under Ground,
Ye Saints, afcend the Skies.

CLVI. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

I.

HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound,
To God's upholding Hand ;

Ten thousand Snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

II.

That was a most amazing Pow'r
That rais'd us with a Word;
And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

III.

The Ev'ning rests our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room;
We wake, and we admire the Bed
That was not made our Tomb.

IV.

The rising Morn cannot assure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door
To seize our Lives away.

V.

Our Breath is forfeited by Sin
To God's revenging Law,
We own thy Grace, immortal King,
In every Gasp we draw.

VI.

God is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings;
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night
Beneath his shady Wings.

CLVII. *Love to Creatures dangerous.*

I.

HOW vain are all Things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!

Each

Each Pleasure hath its Poison too,
And ev'ry Sweet a Snare.

II.

The brightest Things below the Sky
Give but a flatt'ring Light :
We should suspect some Danger nigh
Where we possess Delight.

III.

Our dearest Joys, and nearest Friends,
The Partners of our Blood,
How they divide our wav'ring Minds,
And leave but Half for God !

IV.

The Fondness of a Creature's Love
How strong it strikes the Sense !
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence !

V.

Dear Saviour, let thy Beauties be
My Soul's eternal Food ;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

CLVIII. *The Hope of Heaven our Support
under Trials on Earth.*

I.

WHEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid Farewel to every Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

II.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,

P

Then

Then I can smile at *Satan's* Rage,
And face a frowning World.

III.

Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

IV.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heav'nly Rest;
And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

CLIX. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

I

I Send the Joys of Earth away,
Away ye Tempters of the Mind,
False as the smooth deceitful Sea,
And empty as the whistling Wind.

II.

Your Streams were floating me along
Down to the Gulf of black Despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your Song,
Your Streams had e'en convey'd me there.

III.

Lord, I adore thy matchless Grace,
That warn'd me of that dark Abyfs;
That drew me from those treach'rous Seas,
And bid me seek superior Blifs.

IV.

Now to the shining Realms above
I stretch my Hands, and glance mine Eyes;

O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the upper Skies !

V.

There from the Bosom of my God
Oceans of endless Pleasures roll ;
There would I fix my last Abode,
And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

CLX. *The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution,
and Restoration of this World.*

I.

SING to the Lord, that built the Skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately Frame;
Let all the Nations sound his Praise,
And Lands unknown repeat his Name.

II.

He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills,
Made ev'ry Drop and ev'ry Dust,
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,
And push'd them into Motion first.

III.

Now from his high imperial Throne,
He looks far down upon the Spheres ;
He bids the shining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty Years.

IV.

Thus shall this moving Engine last,
'Till all his Saints are gather'd in ;
Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blast
To shake it all to Dust again !

V.

Yet when the Sound shall tear the Skies,
And Lightning burn the Globe below,

Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes,
There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

CLXI. *Our frail Bodies, and God our
Preserver.*

I.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble Things we are.

II.

Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Grass away.

III.

Our Life contains a thousand Springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a Harp of thousand Strings
Should keep in Tune so long.

IV.

But 'tis our God supports our Frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the Dust.

V.

While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

CLXII.

CLXII. *Death and Eternity.*

I.

SToop down my Thoughts, that use to rise.
Converse a-while with Death;
Think how a gasping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

II.

His quiv'ring Lip hangs feeble down.
His Pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a parting Groan,
He bids the World adieu.

III.

But oh, the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous Way.

IV.

Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there;
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Despair.

V.

And must my Body faint and die?
And must this Soul remove;
Oh, for some Guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

VI.

*J*esus, to thy dear faithful Hand,
My naked Soul I trust;
And my Flesh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Dust.

CLXIII. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

I

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our Joys be known;
 Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
 And thus surround the Throne.

II.

The Sorrows of the Mind
 Be banish'd from the Place!
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our Pleasures less.

III.

Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God,
 But Fav'rites of the heav'nly King
 May speak their Joys abroad.

IV.

The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy Sky,
 And manages the Seas.

V.

This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love,
 He shall send down his heav'nly Powers
 To carry us above.

VI.

There shall we see his Face,
 And never, never sin;
 There from the Rivers of his Grace
 Drink endless Pleasures in.

VII.

VII.

Then let our Songs abound,
And every Tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

CLXIV. *Love to God.*

I.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast ;
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

II.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear ;
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.

IV.

This is the Grace that lives and sings
When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

V.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

CLXV. *A Sight of God mortifies us to the World,*

I.

UP to the Fields where Angels lie,
And living Waters gently roll,
Fain would my Thoughts leap out and fly,
But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

II.

O might I once mount up and see
The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
What little Things these Worlds would be?
How despicable to my Eyes?

III.

Had I a Glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon,
Vanish as tho' I saw 'em not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

IV.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the Noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking Leaf
While rattling Thunders round us roar.

V.

Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs shall bow and sing,
Thine endless Grandeur, and thy Grace.

CLXVI. *Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.*

I.

NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my Name upon his Heart;

I would forget my Pains awhile,
And in the Pleasure lose the Smart.

II.

But oh! it swells my Sorrows high
To see my blessed *Jesus* frown;
My Spirits sink, my Comforts die,
And all the Springs of Life are down.

III.

Yet why, my Soul, why these Complaints?
Still while he frowns his Bowels move;
Still on his Heart he bears his Saints,
And feels their Sorrows and his Love.

IV.

My Name is printed on his Breast,
His Book of Life contains my Name:
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright Records of Fame.

V.

When the last Fire burns all Things here,
Those Letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair Book appear,
Writ by the th' eternal Father's Hand.

VI.

Now shall my Minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's Will;
My rising and my setting Sun
Roll gently up, and down the Hill.

CLXVII. *God's Presence is Light in Darknefs.*

I.

MY God, the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
The Glory of my brightest Days,
And Comfort of my Nights!

II.

II.

In darkest Shades if he appear,
 My Dawning is begun!
 He is my Soul's sweet Morning Star,
 And he my rising Sun.

III.

The op'ning Heav'ns around me shine
 With Beams of sacred Bliss,
 While *Jesus* shews his Heart is mine,
 And whispers, *I am his*.

IV.

My Soul would leave this heavy Clay
 At that transporting Word,
 Run up with Joy the shining Way
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

V.

Fearless of Hell and ghastly Death,
 I'd break thro' ev'ry Foe;
 The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith,
 Should bear me Conqu'ror through.

CLXVIII. *Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.*

I.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,
 What dying Worms are we!

II.

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase;
 And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the Number less.

III.

III.

The Year rolls round, and steals away
 The Breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the Grave.

IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground,
 To push us to the Tomb;
 And fierce Diseases wait around,
 To hurry Mortals home.

V.

Good God! on what a slender Thread
 Hang everlasting Things!
 Th' eternal States of all the Dead
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.

VI.

Infinite Joy, or endless Woe,
 Attends on ev'ry Breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death!

VII.

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
 To walk this dang'rous Road;
 And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God.

CLXIX. *The Pleasures of a Good Conscience.*

I.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the Joys of pardon'd Sin!
 Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth and
 Sea,
 Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.

II.

II.

The Day glides swiftly o'er their Heads
 Made up of Innocence and Love :
 And soft and silent as the Shades
 Their nightly Minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on,
 But fly not half so fast away ;
 Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
 And calm as Summer Evenings be.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills,
 Where Groves of living Pleasures grow ;
 And longing Hopes and chearful Smiles
 Sit undisturb'd upon their Brow.

V.

They scorn to seek our golden Toys,
 But spend the Day, and share the Night,
 In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys
 That Heaven prepares for their Delight.

VI.

While wretched we, like Worms and Moles,
 Lie grov'ling in the Dust below,
 Almighty Grace renew our Souls,
 And we'll aspire to Glory too !

CLXX. *The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.*

I.

TIME ! what an empty Vapour 'tis ;
 And Days how swift they are !
 Swift as an *Indian* Arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting Star.

II.

II.

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
 And Death is ever nigh ;
 The Moment when our Lives begin,
 We all begin to die.

III.

Yet mighty God ! our fleeting Days
 Thy lasting Favours share,
 Yet, with the Bounties of thy Grace
 Thou load'st the rolling Year.

IV.

'Tis sovereign Mercy finds us Food,
 And we are cloath'd with Love ;
 While Grace stands pointing out the Road,
 That leads our Souls above.

V.

His Goodness runs an endless Round ;
 All Glory to the Lord !
 His Mercy never knows a Bound ;
 And be his Name ador'd !

VI.

Thus we begin the lasting Song ;
 And when we close our Eyes,
 Let the next Age thy Praise prolong
 Till Time and Nature dies.

CLXXI. *The Truth of God in the Promiser :
 or, The Promises are our Security.*

I.

PRAISE, everlasting Praise, be paid
 To him that Earth's Foundation laid:
 Praise to the God whose strong Decrees
 Sway the Creation as he please.

Q

II.

II.

Praise to the Goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his People by his Word,
And there as strong as his Decrees,
He sets his kindest Promises.

III.

Whence then should Doubts and Fears arise?
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes!
Slowly, alas, our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

IV.

Oh for a strong, a lasting Faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the Message of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

V.

Then should the Earth's old Pillars shake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break;
Our steady Souls should fear no more
Than solid Rocks when Billows roar.

VI.

Our everlasting Hopes arise
Above the ruinable Skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Pow'r sustains.

CLXXII. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

I.

MY Soul, come, meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

II.

II.

And you, mine Eyes, look down and view
 The cold and silent Tomb ;
 This gloomy Prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the Summons come.

III.

Oh ! could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their Stead ;
 Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the Dead.

IV.

Then should we see the Saints above
 In their own glorious Forms,
 And wonder why our Souls should love
 To dwell with mortal Worms.

V.

We should, almost, forsake our Clay
 Before the Summons come,
 And pray and wish our Souls away
 To their eternal Home.

CLXXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

I.

H A R K ! from the Tombs an awful
 Sound,
 My Ears attend the Cry,
 " Ye living Men, come view the Ground,
 " Where you must shortly lie.

II.

" Princes, this Clay must be your Bed,
 " In Spite of all your Tow'rs ;
 " The tall, the wise, the rev'rend Head
 " Must lie as low as ours."

III.

Great God ! is this our certain Doom ?
 And are we still secure !
 Still walking downward to our Tomb,
 And yet prepare no more !

IV.

Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
 To fit our Souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying Flesh
 We'll rise above the Sky.

CLXXIV. *The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.*

I.

BEGIN my Tongue, some heav'nly
 Theme,
 And speak some boundless Thing,
 The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
 Of our eternal King.

II.

Proclaim *Salvation from the Lord*
For wretched dying Men ;
 His Hand has writ the sacred Word
 With an immortal Pen.

III.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass
 The mighty Promise shines ;
 Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raise
 Those everlasting Lines.

IV.

His very Word of Grace is strong
 As that which built the Skies ;

The Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promises.

V.

He said, *Let the wide Heav'n be spread*
And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
Abra'm, I'll be thy God, he said,
And he was *Abra'm's* God.

VI.

Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine !*
Those gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost divine.

VII.

How would my leaping Heart rejoice,
And think my Heav'n secure !
I trust the all-creating Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

CLXXV. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

I.

THE Glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful Voice shall sing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

II.

'Twas his Right-Hand that shap'd our Clay,
And wrought this human Frame;
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,
And worship with our Tongues ;

We claim some Kindred with the Skies,
And join th' angelic Songs.

IV.

Ye Planets, to his Honour shine,
And Wheels of Nature roll,
Praise him in your unweary'd Course
Around the steady Pole.

V.

The Brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

CLXXVI. *The Lord's Day : or, the Resur-
rection of Christ.*

I.

BLEST Morning, whose young dawning
Rays

Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his dark Abode.

II.

In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The Third, th' appointed Day.

III.

Hell, and the Grave unite their Force
To hold our God in vain :
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.

IV.

IV.

To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay,
 And loud *Hosanna's* shall proclaim
 The Triumph of the Day.

V.

Salvation, and immortal Praise,
 To our victorious King :
 Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and
 Seas,
 With glad *Hosanna's* ring.

CLXXVII. *Repentance from a Sense of di-
 vine Goodness.*

I.

IS this the kind Return,
 And these the Thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal Love,
 Whence all our Blessings flow !

II.

To what a stubborn Frame
 Has Sin reduc'd our Mind !
 What strange rebellious Wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind !

III.

On us he bids the Sun
 Shed his reviving Rays ;
 For us the Skies their Circles run,
 To lengthen out our Days.

IV.

The Brutes obey their God,
 And bow their Necks to Men ;

But

But we more base, more brutish Things,
Rejēct his easy Reign.

V.

Turn, turn us mighty God,
And mould our Souls afresh ;
Break sov'reign Grace, these Hearts of Stone,
And give us Hearts of Flesh.

VI.

Let old Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly, as new Mercies fall,
Let hourly Thanks arise.

CLXXVIII. *The Resurrection and Ascension
of Christ.*

I.

HOSANNA, to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himself in Clay ;
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

II.

Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our *Emanuel* rose ;
He took the tyrant's Sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

III.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
And Triumph in his Eyes !

IV.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down ;

Our

Our *Jesus* fills the middle Seat
Of the celestial Throne.

V.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach his bless'd Abode,
Sweet by the Accents of your Songs
To our Redeemer God.

VI.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings,
Your sweetest Voices raise,
Let Heav'n, and all created Things
Sound our *Emanuel's* Praise.

CLXXIX. *The Christian Warfare.*

I.

STAND up my Soul, shake off thy Fears,
And gird the Gospel Armour on;
March to the Gates of endless Joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

II.

Hell and thy Sins resist thy Course,
But Hell and Sin are vanquish'd Foes;
Thy *Jesus* nail'd 'em to the Cross.
And sung the Triumph when he rose.

III

What tho' the Prince of Darkness rage,
And waste the Fury of his Spight?
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps, and endless Night.

IV.

IV.

What tho' thine inward Lusts rebel?
 'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
 The Weapons of victorious Grace
 Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.

V.

Then let my Soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heav'nly Gate;
 There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

VI.

There shall I wear a starry Crown,
 And triumph in Almighty Grace;
 While all the Armies of the Skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

 CLXXX. *Redemption by Christ.*

I.

WHEN the first Parents of our Race
 Rebel'd and lost their God,
 And the Infection of their Sin,
 Had tainted all our Blood.

II.

Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
 Of the eternal Son;
 Descending from the heav'nly Court,
 He left his Father's Throne.

III.

Aside the Prince of Glory throw
 His most divine Array.

And wrapp'd his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.

IV.

His living Pow'r, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.

V.

To thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

VI.

Thine Honour shall for ever be
The Business of our Days,
For ever shall our thankful Tongues
Speak thy deserved Praise.

CLXXXI. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

I.

Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

II.

With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

III.

Down from the shining Seats above
With joyful Haste he fled,

Enter'd

Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

IV.

He spoil'd the Pow'rs of Darkneſs thus,
And brake our Iron Chains ;
Jeſus has freed our captive Souls
From everlaſting Pains.

V.

In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His curſed Projects tries ;
We that were doom'd his endleſs Slaves
Are rais'd above the Skies.

VI.

O for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises ſpeak.

VII.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold ;
But when you raiſe your higheſt Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

CLXXXII. *Faith in Chriſt, for Pardon and
Sanctification.*

I.

HOW ſad our State by Nature is !
Our Sin, how deep it ſtains ;
And *Satan* binds our captive Minds
Faſt in his ſlavish Chains.

II.

But there's a Voice of ſov'reign Grace
Sounds from the ſacred Word ;

Ho !

*Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.*

III.

My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief;
I would believe thy Promise, Lord,
Oh! help my Unbelief.

IV.

To the dear Fountain of thy Blood,
With humble Hope I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of deepest Dye.

V.

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.

VI.

A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm,
On thy kind Arms I fall:
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

CLXXXIII. *The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

I.

O The Delight, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace!

II.

Sweet Majesty, and awful Love,
Sit smiling on his Brow;

And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

III.

Princes to his imperial Name
Bend their bright Sceptres down ;
Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the Crown.

IV.

Archangels sound his lofty Praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly Street,
And lay their highest Honours down
Submissive at his Feet.

V.

Those soft, those blessed Feet of his,
That once rude Iron tore,
High on a Throne of Light they stand,
And all the Saints adore.

VI.

His Head, the dear majestick Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around !

VII.

This is the *Man*, th' exalted *Man*,
Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV. *The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.*

For the Fifth of November.

I.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run ;
Ye *British* Skies resound the Noise
Beyond the rising Sun.

II.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
T'ee our glad Voices sing,
And join with the celestial Choir,
To praise th' eternal King.

III.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
And on the starry Skies,
Sits smiling at the weak Designs,
Thine envious Foes devise.

IV.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown,
Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
And shakes their *Babel* down.

V.

Their secret Fires in Caverns lay,
And we the Sacrifice ;
But gloomy Caverns strove in vain
To scape all-searching Eyes.

VI.

In vain the busy Sons of Hell,
Still new Rebellions try,
Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage,
And vex away, and die.

R 2

VII.

VII.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Pow'r :
 Let *Britain* with united Songs
 Almighty Grace adore.

CLXXXV. *The Presence of Christ is the Life
 of the Soul.*

I.

HOW full of Anguish is the Thought ?
 How it distracts and tears my Heart ?
 If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
 Should frown, and bid my Soul *depart* !

II.

Lord, when I quit this earthly Stage,
 Where shall I fly but to thy Breast ?
 For I have sought no other Home,
 For I have learnt no other Rest.

III.

I cannot live contented here,
 Without some Glimpses of thy Face ;
 And Heav'n, without thy Presence there,
 Will be a dark and tiresome Place.

IV.

The Strings that twine about my heart,
 Tortures and Racks may tear them off ;
 But they can never, never part
 With their dear Hold of *Christ* my Love.

V.

My God ! and can a humble Child,
 That loves thee with a Flame so high,
 Be ever from thy Face exil'd,
 Without the Pity of thine Eye ?

VI.

Impossible! ——— For thine own Hands
Have ty'd my Heart so fast to thee;
And in thy Book the Promise stands,
That where thou art, thy Friends must be.

CLXXXVI. *A happy Resurrection.*

NO, I'll repine at Death no more,
But with a chearful Gasp resign
To the cold Dungeon of the Grave
These dying, with ring Limbs of mine.

Let Worms devour my wasting Flesh,
And crumble all my Bones to Dust;
My God shall raise my Frame anew
At the Rival of the Just!

Break, sacred Morning, thro' the Skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful Day;
Cut short the Hours, dear Lord, and come;
Thy ling'ring Wheels, how long they stay!

Our weary Spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning Face,
And hear the Language of those Lips
Where God has shed his richest Grace.

Haste then upon the Wings of Love,
Rouze all the pious sleeping Clay,
That we may join in heav'nly Joys,
And sing the Triumph of the Day.

CLXXXVII. *Grace and Peace* by Jesus Christ.

I

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune,
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose;
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyfs of Woes.

III.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

IV.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

V.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrow cease?
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

VI.

Lord, we obey thy Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

CLXXXXIII.

CLXXXVIII. *Triumph over Death, in Hope
of the Resurrection.*

AN D must this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And must these active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?

II.

Corruption, Earth, and Worms,
Shall but refine this Flesh,
'Till my triumphant Spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

III.

God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the Skies,
Looks down, and watches all my Dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

IV.

Array'd in glorious Grace,
Shall these vile Bodies shine,
And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

V.

These lively Hopes we owe'
To *Jesus*' dying Love;
We would adore his Grace below,
And sing his Pow'r above.

VI.

Dear Lord, accept the Praise
Of these our humble Songs
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
With immortal Tongues.

CLXXXIX. *Thanksgiving for Victory: or,
God's Dominion, and our Deliverance.*

I.
Z I O N rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his Throne;
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his Glories known.

II.
The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,
From their high Seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a Cloud,
And thunders thro' the World.

III.
He reigns upon th' eternal Hill,
Distributes mortal Crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
And totter at his Frowns.

IV.
Navies that rules the Ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his Breath,
And Legions, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Defend to watry Death.

V.
Let Tyrants make no more Pretence
To vex our happy Land;
Jehovah's Name is our Defence,
Our Buckler is his Hand.

VI.
Long may the King, our Sov'reign, live
To rule us by his Word;
And all the Honours he can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.

CXC. *Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.*

I.

Great God! to what a glorious Height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son?
Angels, in all their Robes of Light,
Are made the Servants of his Throne.

II.

Before his Feet thine Armies wait,
And swift as Flames of Fire they move,
To manage his Affairs of State,
In Works of Vengeance, and of Love.

III.

His Orders run through all the Hosts,
Legions descend at his Command,
To shield and guard the *British* Coast,
When foreign Rage invades our Land,

IV.

Now they are sent to guide our Feet
Up to the Gates of thine Abode,
Thro' all the Dangers that we meet
In traveling the celestial Road.

V.

Lord, when I leave this mortal Ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise, and come,
Send a beloved Angel down,
Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CXCI. *Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

I.

I Sing my Saviour's wondrous Death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis *finish'd*, said his dying Breath,
And shook the Gates of Hell.

II.

II.

'Tis finish'd, our *Emanuel* cries,
 The dreadful Work is done :
 Hence shall his lov' reign Throne arise,
 His Kingdom is begun.

III

His Cross a sure Foundation laid
 For Glory and Renown,
 When thro' the Regions of the Dead
 He pass'd to reach the Crown.

IV.

Exalted at his Father's Side
 Sits our victorious Lord ;
 To Heav'n and Hell his Hand divide
 The Vengeance or Reward.

V.

The Saints, from his propitious Eye,
 Await their several Crowns,
 And all the Sons of Darkness fly
 The Terror of his Frowns.

CXCII. *Circumcision and Baptism.*

I.

THUS did the Sons of *Abraham* pass
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace :
 The young Disciples bore the Yoke,
 Till *Christ* the painful Bondage broke.

II.

By milder Ways doth *Jesus* prove
 His Father's Cov'nant, and his Love ;
 He seals to Saints his glorious Grace,
 And not forbids their Infant Race.

III.

Their Seed is sprinkled with his Blood,
 Their Children set apart for God;
 His Spirit on their Offspring shed,
 Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

IV.

Let ev'ry Saint, with chearful Voice,
 In this large Covenant rejoice;
 Young Children, in their early Days,
 Shall give the God of *Abraham* Praise.

CXCIIL. *The New Creation.*

I.

ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
 Doth his own Glories shew:

*Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
 Creating all Things new.*

II.

*Nature and Sin are pass'd away,
 And the old Adam dies;*

*My Hands a new Foundation lay,
 See the new World arise!*

III.

*I'll be a Sun of Righteousness,
 To the new Heav'ns I make;*

*None but the new-born Heirs of Grace
 My Glories shall partake,*

IV.

Mighty Redeemer! set me free
 From my old State of Sin;

Oh! make my Soul alive to thee,
 Create new Pow'rs within.

V.

Renew mine Eyes, and form mine Ears,
 And mould my Heart afresh :
 Give me new Passions, Joys, and Fears ;
 And turn the Stone to Flesh.

VI.

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin, and Earth, and Hell ;
 In the new World that Grace has made,
 I would for ever dwell.

CXCIV. *The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

I.

LET everlasting Glories crown
 Thy Head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
 Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
 And writ the Blessings in thy Word.

II.

What if we trace the Globe around,
 And search from *Britain* to *Japan* ;
 There shall be no Religion found
 So just to God, so safe to Man.

• III.

In vain the trembling Conscience seeks
 Some solid Ground to rest upon ;
 With long Despair the Spirit breaks,
 'Till we apply to *Christ* alone.

IV.

How well thy blessed Truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy Commands !
 Thy Promises how firm they be !
 How firm our Hope and Comfort stands !

V.

V.

Not the feign'd Fields of *Heath'nish* Bliss
 Could raise such Pleasure in the Mind ;
 Nor does the *Turkish* Paradise
 Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.

VI.

Should all the Forms that Men devise,
 Assault my Faith with treach'rous Art,
 I'd call them Vanity and Lies,
 And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CXC.V. *The Example of Christ.*

I.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
 I read my Duty in thy Word ;
 But in thy Life the Law appears
 Drawn out in living Characters.

II.

Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,
 Such Deference to thy Father's Will,
 Such Love, and Meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

III.

Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air,
 Witness'd the Fervour of thy Pray'r ;
 The Desert thy Temptations knew,
 Thy Conflict, and thy Vict'ry too.

IV.

Be thou my Pattern ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious Image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my Name
 Amongst the Foll'wers of the Lamb.

CXCVI. *The Effusion of the Spirit: or, The
Success of the Gospel.*

I

Great was the Day, the Joy was great,
When the divine Disciples met;
Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came,
And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

II.

What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous
Words,
Instead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.

III.

Thus arm'd, he sent the Champions forth,
From *East* to *West*, from *South* to *North*:
Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause;
Go, spread the Myst'ry of his Cross.

IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd;
While *Satan* rages at his Loss,
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

V.

Great King of Grace! my Heart subdue;
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my Lord,
And sing the Vict'ries of his Word.

CXCVII. *Sinai and Sion.*

I.

NOT to the Terrors of the Lord,
The Tempest, Fire, and Smoke,
Not

Not to the Thunder of that Word
Which God on *Sinai* spoke.

II.

But we are come to *Sion's* Hill,
The City of our God ;
Where milder Words declare his Will,
And spread his Love abroad.

III.

Behold th' innumerable Host
Of Angels cloath'd in Light !
Behold the Spirits of the Just,
Whose Faith is turn'd to Sight !

IV.

Behold the blest'd Assembly there,
Whose Names are writ in Heaven !
And God, the Judge of All, declare
Their vilest Sins forgiv'n.

V.

The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead,
But one Communion make ;
All join in *Christ*, their living Head,
And of his Grace partake.

VI.

In such Society as this
My weary Soul would rest :
The Man that dwells where *Jesus* is
Must be for ever blest'd.

CXCVIII. *The Divine Perfections,*

I.

GREAT God ! thy Glories shall employ
My holy Fear, my humble Joy ;

My Lips, in Songs of Honour, bring
Their Tribute to th' eternal King,

II.

Earth and the Stars, and Worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his Throne;
All Nature hangs upon his Word;
And Grace and Glory own the Lord.

III.

His sov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows?
If he command, who dares oppose?
With Strength he girds himself around,
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.

IV.

The Beamings of his piercing Sight
Bring dark Hypocrisy to Light;
Death and Destruction naked lie,
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.

V.

His Mercy, like a boundless Sea,
Washes our Load of Guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T'engage his Justice on our Side.

VI.

Oh, tell me, with a gentle Voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy Love, I dare proclaim
The brightest Honours of thy Name.

CXCIX. *The same as the 148th Psalm.*

I.

THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
His Throne is built on high;

The Garments he assumes
 Are Light and Majesty :
 His Glories shine
 With Beams so bright,
 No mortal Eye
 Can bear the Sight.

II.

The Thunders of his Hand
 Keep the wide World in Awe ;
 His Wrath and Justice stand
 To guard his holy Law :
 And where his Love
 Resolves to bless,
 Tis Truth confirms
 And seals the Grace.

III.

Thro' all his ancient Works
 Surprizing Wisdom shines,
 Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,
 And breaks their curs'd Designs :
 Strong is his Arm,
 And shall fulfill
 Tis great Decrees,
 Tis Sov'reign Will.

IV.

And can this mighty King
 Of Glory condescend ?
 And will he write his Name,
My Father and my Friend ?

 I love his Name,
 I love his Word ;
 Join all my Pow'rs,
 And praise the Lord.

CC. *The New Testament in the Blood of Christ.*

I.

TH E *Promise of my Father's Love,*
Shall stand forever Good :

He said, and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

II.

To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word
I set my worthless Name ;
I seal th' Engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble Claim.

III.

The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning
Grace,
And Glory shall be mine ;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

IV.

I call that Legacy my own
Which *Jesus* did bequeath ;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.

V.

Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name
Who bless'd us in his Will,
And to his Testament of Love
Made his own Life the Seal.

CCI. *Christ the Bread of Life.*

I.

LET us adore the Eternal Word,
'Tis he our Soul has fed ;

Thou

Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

II.

The *Manna* came from lower Skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,
And Rivers flow with Love.

III.

The *Jews*, the Fathers, dy'd at last,
Who eat that heav'nly Bread;
But these Provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the Dead.

IV.

Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his Flesh
To nourish dying Men;
And often spreads his Table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

V.

Our Souls shall draw their heav'nly Breath,
Whilst *Jesus* finds Supplies;
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death,
For *JESUS* never dies!

CCII. *Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of Christ.*

I.

WHEN I survey th' wond'rous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

II.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of *Christ* my God:

All

All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

III.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?

IV.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

CCIII. *The Gospel Feast.*

I.

HOW rich are thy Provisions, Lord!
Thy Table furnish'd from above!
The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love.

II.

From the Highway that leads to Hell.
From Paths of Darknes and Despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

III.

What shall we pay th'eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring us Wand'ers back to God.

IV.

It cost him Death, to save our Lives;
To buy our Souls it cost his own;

And

And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

V.

Our everlasting Love is due
To him that ransom'd Sinners lost ;
And pity'd Rebels, when he knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

CCIV. *Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests.*

I.

HOW sweet and awful is the Place
With *Christ* within the Doors.
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her Stores !

II.

Here, the compassion of our God
In Streams of Mercy rolls
Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood,
Is Food for dying Souls.

III.

While all our hearts and all our Songs
Join to admire the Feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful Tongues
“ Lord. why was I a Guest ?

IV.

Pity the Nations, O our God,
Constrain the Earth to come ;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the Strangers home.

V.

We long to see thy Churches full,
That all the chosen Race

May

May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
Sing thy redeeming Grace.

CCV. *The Agonies of Christ.*

I.

NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine ;
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

II.

In lively Figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love ;
Each of us hope, He dy'd for me,
And then our Grievs remove.

III.

Grace, Wisdom, Justice, join'd and wrought
The Wonders of that Day ;
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

IV.

Our Hymns should sound like those above
Could we our Voices raise ;
Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

CCVI. *The triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory
over Sin, and Death, and Hell.*

I.

COME, let us lift our Voices high,
High as our Joys arise,
And join the Songs above the Sky,
Where Pleasure never dies.

II.

II.

JESUS, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his Chariot-Wheels
Dragg'd all the Pow'rs of Hell.

III.

The Lord ! how glorious is his Face !
How kind his Smiles appear !
And oh ! what melting Words he says
To ev'ry humble Ear !

IV.

" These are the Wounds for you I bore,
" The Tokens of my Pains,
" When I came down to free your Souls
" From Misery and Chains.

V.

" When Hell, and all its spiteful Pow'rs,
" Stood dreadful in my Way,
" To rescue those dear Lives of yours,
" I gave my own away."

VI.

We give thee, Lord, our highest Praise,
The Tribute of our Tongues ;
But Themes so infinite as these,
Exceed our noblest Songs.

CCVII. *The Compassion of a dying Christ.*

I.

OUR Spirits join t'adore the Lamb ;
Oh, that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love.

II.

Was ever equal Pity found ?
 The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,
 And pour his Life out on the Ground,
 To ransom guilty Worms from Death.

III.

The Law proclaims no Terror now,
 And Sinai's Thunder roars no more ;
 From all his Wounds new Blessings flow,
 A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

IV.

In vain our mortal Voices strive
 To speak Compassion so divine :
 Had we a thousand Lives to give,
 A thousand Lives should all be thine.

CCVIII. *The Examples of Christ and his faithful
 Servants.*

I.

GIVE me the Wings of Faith to rise,
 Within the Veil, and see
 The Saints above, how great their Joys,
 How bright their Glories be !

II.

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their Couch with Tears :
 And wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

III.

I ask them, whence their Vict'ry came ?
 They, with united Breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their Triumph to his Death.

IV.

They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod,
His Zeal inspir'd their Breast,
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd Rest.

V.

Our glorious Leader claims our Praise,
For his own Pattern giv'n :
While the long Cloud of Witnesses,
Shew the same Path to Heav'n.

CCX. *Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.*

I.

HE A R what the Voice from Heav'n
proclaims,
For all the pious Dead,
Sweet is the Savour of their Names
And soft their sleeping Bed.

II.

They die in *Jesus*, and are blest ;
How kind their Slumbers are !
From Sufferings and from Sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

III.

Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
They're present with the Lord :
The Labours of their mortal Life
End in a large Reward,

CCXI. *The holy Scriptures.*

I.

GO D, who in various Methods told
His Mind and Will to Saints of old,

T

Sent

IV.

Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
To teach us in those latter Days.

II.

Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that sure Record ;
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n
Is by the sweet Conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindest Thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest :
The Doctrines are divinely true.
Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.

IV.

Ye *British* Isles who read his Love,
In fair Epistles from above ;
(He hath not sent his sacred Word
To ev'ry Land) praise ye the Lord.

CCXII. God *magnified* for Men's Salvation.

I.

GOD of Salvation, we adore
Thy wondrous Love, thy saving Pow'r,
And to our utmost Stretch of Thought
Hail the Redemption thou hast wrought.

II.

We love the Stroke that breaks our Chain,
The Sword by which our Sins are slain ;
And while abas'd in Dust we bow,
We sing the Grace that lays us low.

III.

Perish each Thought of human Pride;
Let God alone be magnify'd:

His

His Glory let the Heav'ns resound,
Shouted from Earth's remotest Bound.

IV.

Saints, who his full Salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join ev'ry Angel's Voice to raise
Continu'd never-ending Praise.

CCXIII. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

I.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On *Jewish* Altars slain
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace
Or wash away the Stain.

II.

But *Christ*, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away ;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

III.

My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine ;
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

IV.

My Soul looks back to see
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

V.

Believing, we rejoice,
To see the Curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb, with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

CCXIV. *On a Day of Fasting and Humiliation.*
I.

MOurn, *Britain*, mourn, and sit in Dust;
Nor to thy Fleets and Armies trust,
To save thee from impending Fate;
Long-spar'd, and long-offending State.

II.

Ah! sinful Nation, sinking fast
Beneath a Load of Guilt amass'd,
By thy revolted Sons who dare
The Vengeance of the Thunderer.

III.

Ye Saints, who us'd of old to stand
The Bulwarks of a guilty Land;
Whose Pray'rs, like Incense, us'd to rise,
And stay the Vengeance e'er it flies!

IV.

Where is the Love, the sacred Zeal,
Your pious Breasts were wont to feel!
Where are the Tears which us'd to flow,
For God's dishonour'd Name below!

V.

Yet Lord, thine Anger still delay;
Oh! lengthen still thy sparing Day:
If haply yet our Hearts relent,
And *Britain* at thy Call repent.

VI.

Then shall our Foes insult in vain,
And wear themselves the threaten'd Chain:
Then Evil from our Coasts shall flee,
And thou our God and Patron be.

CCXV. *For a Time of War,*

I.

OUR Banner is th' eternal God,
Nor will we yield to Fear :
Amidst ten thousand fierce Assaults,
His mighty Aid is near.

II.

To him the Hands of Faith we stretch,
And plead experienc'd Grace ;
To him the Voice of Pray'r we raise,
Nor will he hide his Face.

III.

No more, proud *Amalek*, thy Boast,
" God's Arm is feeble grown,"
His Sword shall lop off ev'ry Hand,
That dares insult his Throne.

IV.

Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
Our Nation's Cause to plead :
Nor let thine *Israel's* Foes, and thine,
By Wickedness succeed.

V.

Our fainting Hands, how soon they droop !
But thou the Weak canst raise ;
And in the Mount of Prayer canst leave
An Altar to thy Praise.

CCXVI. *Angels punish'd, and Men saved.*

I.

DOWN headlong from their native Skies
The Rebel Angels fell ;
And Thunderbolts of flaming Wrath
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

T 3

II.

II.

Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
 Rebellious Man was hurl'd ;
 And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the Grave,
 To reach a sinking World.

III.

O Love of infinite Degrees !
 Unmeasurable Grace !
 Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die
 To save a trait'rous Race !

IV.

Must Angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless Fire ;
 While God forsakes his shining Throne
 To raise us Wretches higher ?

V.

O for this Love let Earth and Skies
 With *Hallelujahs* ring,
 And the full Choir of human Tongues
 All *Hallelujahs* sing.

CCXVII. *Victory over Death.*

I.

O For an overcoming Faith !
 To cheer my dying Hours ;
 To triumph o'er the Monster Death,
 And all his frightful Pow'rs.

II.

Joyful with all the Strength I have,
 My quiv'ring Lips should sing,
 Where is thy boasted *Vict'ry*, Grave ?
 And where's the *Monster's Sting* ?

III.

III.

If Sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
 Death hath no Sting beside :
 The Law gives Sin its damning Power,
 But *Christ*, my Ransom, dy'd.

IV.

Now to the God of Victory,
 Immortal Thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'ers while we die,
 Thro' *Christ* our living Head.

CCXVIII. *The dying Christian's Farewel.*

I.

YE golden Lamps of Heav'n farewell,
 With all your feeble Light :
 Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,
 Pale Empress of the Night.

II.

And thou refulgent Orb of Day
 In brighter Flames array'd,
 My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,
 No more demands thy Aid.

III.

Ye Stars are but the shining Dust
 Of my divine Abode,
 The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.

IV.

The Father of eternal Light
 Shall there his Beams display ;
 Nor shall one Moment's Darkness mix
 With that unvaried Day.

V.

No more the Drops of piercing Grief
 Shall swell into mine Eyes ;
 Nor the Meridian Sun decline
 Amidst those brighter Skies.

VI.

There all the Millions of his Saints
 Shall in one Song unite,
 And each the Bliss of all shall view
 With infinite Delight.

CCXIX. *Light shining out of Darknefs.*

I.

GOD moves in a mysterious Way,
 His Wonders to perform;
 He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,
 And rides upon the Storm.

II.

Deep in unfathomable Mines
 Of never failing Skill,
 He treasures up his bright Designs
 And works his Sov'reign Will.

III.

Ye fearful Saints fresh Courage take;
 The Clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with Mercy, and shall break
 With Blessings on your Head.

IV.

Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense,
 But trust him for his Grace;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a Smiling Face.

V.

His Purposes will open fast,
 Unfolding every Hour;
 The Bud may have a bitter Taste,
 But Sweet will be the Flower.

VI.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
 It Scans his Work invain;
 GOD is his own Interpreter,
 And He, will make it plain.

CCXX.

Christ's Nativity.

I.

YE Sons of Adam join,
 Throughout the Spacious Earth,
 In chereful Songs to hail
 The great Redeemer's Birth:
 Let all your Hearts
 In Concert move;
 And ev'ry Tounge
 Be tuned by Love.

II.

The lofty Heav'ns he bow'd,
 To Earth the Saviour came;
 With Joy the angelic Host
 His royal Birth proclaim:
 For You, O Men!
 Is born, they Sing,
 A mighty Saviour,
 CHRIST the King.

III.

'Twas Men he came to Save,
 And mortal Flesh he wore;

Ye

Ye Men with Angels Sing,
 And in their Strains adore:
 Let Your glad Hearts
 And Tounge combine,
 To praise the Love,
 The Grace divine.

IV.

Glory to God on high!
 For great *Immanuel's* Birth
 Declares to Men Good-will,
 And brings down Peace to Earth:
 Thus Angels Sung;
 And we'll repeat
 Their Strains still new
 And ever Sweet.

CCXXI.

Christ born.

I.

“ **S**hepherds rejoyce, lift up Your Eyes,
 “ And Send Your Fears away;
 “ News from the Regions of the Skies;
 “ The SAVIOR's born to Day.

II.

“ JESUS, the Lord whom Angels fear,
 “ Comes down to dwell with you;
 “ To Day He makes his Entrance here,
 “ But not as Monarchs do.

III.

“ Go Shephards, where the Infant lies,
 “ And See his humble Throne:
 “ Go, and, behold, with joyful Eyes,
 “ The expected *David's* Son.”

IV.

IV.

Thus Gabriel Sung, and strait around
 The heav'nly Armies throng;
 They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
 And thus conclude the Song.

V.

" Glory to God that reigns above,
 " Let Peace Surround the Earth:
 " Mortals Shall know their Maker's Love,
 " At their Redeemer's Birth."

VI.

Lord, and shall *Angels* have their Songs,
 And *Men* no Tunes to raise?
 O may we lose our uselefs Tounes,
 When they forget thy Praise.

VII.

Glory to God, that reigns above,
 Who pitied us forlorn;
 We join to Sing our Maker's Love:
 Behold! a Saviour's born.

 CCXXII. *The Vanity of mortal Man.*

I.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
 Thou Maker of my Frame!
 I would Survey Life's narrow Span
 And learn how frail I am.

II.

A Span is all that we can boast,
 An Inch or two of Time;
 Man is but Vanity and Dust,
 In all his Flower and Prime.

III.

III.

See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain;
The rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their Noise is vain.

IV.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Shew,
Some dig for golden Ore;
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And strait are Seen no more.

V.

What shall we wish or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth and Dust?
They make our Expectations vain,
And disappoint our Trust.

VI.

Now we forbid this carnal Hope,
Our fond Desires recall;
We give our mortal Intrest up,
And make our God our ALL.

CCXXIII. *Song of Angels at CHRIST's Birth.*

II.

HIGH let us Swell our tuneful Notes,
And join th' angelic Throng;
For Angels no Such Love have known,
T' awake a chereful Song.

II..II

Good Will to guilty Men is shewn,
And Peace on Earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Savior comes
With Messages from Heaven.

III.

Justice and Grace with Sweet Accord
 His rising Throne adorn:
 Let Heaven and Earth in Concert join,
 Now Such a Child is born.

IV.

Glory to God on highest Strains,
 Thro' all the Earth be paid;
 His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd
 And by our Lives display'd.

V.

When shall we reach those blissful Realms
 Where *Christ* exalted reigns,
 And learn of the celestial choir,
 Their own immortal Strains?

 CCXXIV. *The Gospel justified.*

I.

SHALL *Atheists* dare insult the Cross
 Of our Redeemer God?
 Shall *Infidels* reproach his Laws
 Or trample on his Blood?

II.

What if he chose mysterious Ways
 To cleanse us from our Faults?
 May not the Scheme of Sov'reign Grace
 Transcend our feeblér Thoughts?

III.

What if his Gospel bids us fight
 With Flesh, and Self, and Sin?
 The Prize is most divinely bright,
 Which we are called to win.

U

IV.

IV.

What if the foolish and the Poor,
 His glorious Grace partake?
 This but confirms the Truth the more,
 For so the Prophets spake.

V.

If Some who own his Sacred Name
 Indulge their Souls in Sin:
 Let JESUS never bear the Blame,
 His Laws are pure and clean.

VI.

Then let our Faith grow firm and strong,
 And glory in his Word:
 Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
 The Men that love the LORD.

 CCXXV. *On the new Year.*

I.

MARK! how the Swift-wing'd Minutes
 And hours still hast'ning on! [fly,
 How Soon the circling months run round,
 And tell the Year is gone!

II.

Indulge, my Soul the Serious Thought,
 The Year that's past review;
 What Good, what Evil, hast thou done
 What work hast thou to do?

III.

How is thy Debt of Love increas'd
 To that Sustaining Power,
 Which has upheld thy feeble Frame
 And bro't thee to this Hour?

IV.

IV.

Millions and Millions, the past Year,
Are lost to mortal Sight;
Sunk in Death's shades, whilst thou still
To hail the joyful Light. [liv't

V.

For all thy Favours, O my God!
Thy Goodness I adore:
Thou hast my Cup with Blessings fill'd,
And made that Cup run o'er.

VI.

Forgive, thro' my Redeemers Name,
The Guilt that marks the year;
And make me more then ever strive
To keep my Conscience clear.

VII.

What shall befall in future Life,
I chuse not to enquire:
To be prepared for all thy will,
Is, Lord, my chief desire.

CCXXVI. *The Benefit of Afflictions.*

I.

SWEET Fruits Afflictions bring, like
That grew on Aaron's Rod; [those
To him that bears them with a Mind
Which Speaks a child of God.

II.

He sees his heav'nly Fathers hand,
And lifts his Eyes above;
Humbly he bows beneath the Rod,
Whose every stroke is Love.

III.

Faith by the Trial is improv'd,
 Like gold is more refin'd;
 Hope looks within the Veil, and leaves
 All mortal Things behind.

IV.

The peaceful Fruits of Righteousness
 Compensate all his pain,
 His Losses, whilst they make him poor,
 Increate his better gain.

V.

When Sorrows, like a Storm, assail
 He bends and bears the Blast:
 Stronger by weakness he becomes,
 And shaken stands more fast.

VI.

So the weak Reed by Yielding stands
 Secure from every Harm;
 While the tall Cedar which resists
 Falls by the mighty Storm.

CCXXVII. *A Morning Song.*

I.

GOD of my Life! my Morning Song
 To thee I chearful raise;
 Thy Acts of Love 'tis good to Sing,
 Thy wond'rous Works to praise.

II.

Guardian of Men; thy wakeful Eyes
 Nor Sleep, nor Slumber know,
 Thine Eyes pierce thro' the Shades of Night,
 Intent on all below.

III.

III.

Sustain'd by thee, my opening Eyes
 Salute the morning Light;
 Secure I stand, unhurt by all
 The Arrows of the Night.

IV.

Had not thy friendly Angels stretch'd,
 Their Wings around my Head,
 With thousands more I might have been
 Now number'd with the dead.

V.

My Life renew'd my Strength repair'd,
 To thee, my God, are due;
 Teach me thy ways, and give me Grace
 My Duty to pursue.

VI.

From ev'ry Evil me defend,
 But guard me most from Sin:
 Direct my going out, O Lord,
 And bless my coming in.

VII.

O may thy holy Fear command,
 Each Action, Thought and word;
 Then shall I sweetly close the Day
 Approved of thee, my Lord.

 CCXXVIII. *An Evening Song.*

I.

AUTHOR of Life! with grateful Heart,
 My Evening Song I raise:
 But, O thy thousand thousand Gifts
 Exceed my highest Praise.

II.

Thy Hand unseen throughout the Day
Hath been my sure Defence;
And every hour hath still been fill'd
With thy Beneficence.

III.

By thee my Table hath been Spread,
Thy Bounty I adore;
Which fills my Heart with Food and Joy,
And makes my Cup run o'er.

IV.

Whilst some poor Wretches scarce can find
A shelter for their Head,
I dwell Secure from cold and Storms
And rests upon my Bed.

V.

Let guardian Angels round my Head
Their constant Vigils keep:
Or rather LORD, may thy own Wings
Surround me whilst I sleep.

VI.

Thy Sun, bright Servant of the World,
His daily Race has run;
But yet how little is it, Lord,
That I for thee have done.

VII.

Rouse all my active Pow'rs, O God,
And grant thy quick'ning Grace!
Then on the Morrow, with thy Sun,
I'll run my heav'nly Race.

CCXXIX. *A morning Hymn.*

I.

ON thee each Morning, O my God,
My waking Thoughts attend,
In whom are founded all my Hopes,
And all my wishes end.

II.

My Soul in pleasing Wonder lost,
His boundless Love Surveys;
And fir'd with grateful Zeal prepares!
Her Sacrifice of Praise.

III.

He leads me thro' the Maze of Sleep,
He brings me safe to Light:
And with the same paternal Care
Conducts me safe till Night.

IV.

When Ev'ning Slumbers close my Eyes,
With his Protection blest:
In Peace and safety I commit
My weary Limbs to Rest.

V.

I'll daily to the list'ning World
His wondrous Acts proclaim;
That all, with me, his Praise may Sing
With me may bless his Name.

VI.

At Morn, at Noon, at Night I'll still
The pleasing Work pursue,
And him alone will praise, to whom
Eternal Praise is due.

CCXXX. *An Evening Hymn.*

I.

Indulgent God, whose bounteous Care
O'er all thy Works is shewn,
Oh! let my grateful Pray'r and Praise
Ascend before thy Throne.

II.

What Mercies has this Day bestow'd,
How richly hast thou blest!
My Cup with Plenty overflow'd,
With Chearfulness my Breast.

III.

Now may Sweet Slumbers close my Eyes,
From Pain and Sicknes free:
And let my wakeing Thoughts arise
To meditate on Thee!

IV.

So blest each future Day and Night
Till Life's fond Scene is o'er:
And then to Realms of endless Light
O let my Spirit soar!

CCXXXI. *God known by his Works.*

I.

Great is our God, his Works of Might,
To praise his glorious Name unite:
Heaven Earth and Sea confess his Hand,
And wait obedient his Command.

II.

Thy Hand unseen sustains the Poles,
On which this vast Creation rolls;
The Starry Skies proclaim thy power,
Thy Pencil glows in ev'ry Flower.

III.

III.

In various Shapes and Colours rise
 Ten thousand Wonders to our Eyes;
 And Beasts and Birds with lab'ring Throat,
 Teach us a God in every Note.

IV.

Across the Waves, around the Sky,
 There's not a Place, or deep or high,
 Where the CREATOR has not trod,
 And left the Footsteps of a God.

V.

O may the Sons of Men record
 The various Goodness of the LORD;
 How vast his Works, how kind his Ways,
 Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praise.

CCXXXII. *The Christian Church a living
 Temple.*

I.

WITH Extacy of Joy
 Extol his glorious Name,
 Who rais'd this Spacious Earth
 And rais'd our ruin'd Frame,
 He built the Church
 Who built the Sky:
 Shout and exalt
 His Honours high.

II.

See the Foundation laid
 By Pow'r and Love divine;
Jesus, his first born Son
 How bright his Glories shine!

Low

Low he descends,
In Dust he lies,
That from his Tomb
A Church might rise.

III.

But He for ever lives,
Not for himself alone;
Each Saint new Life derives
From this mysterious Stone;
His Influence Spreads
Thro' ev'ry Soul,
And in one House
Unites the whole.

IV.

To Him with Joy we come
In Him cemented stand;
The living Temple grows
And owns the Founder's Hand,
That Structure, Lord,
Still higher raise
Louder to Sound
Its Builder's Praise.

V.

Descend, and Shed abroad
The Tokens of thy Grace,
And with more radiant Beams
Let Glory fill the Place:
Our joyful Souls
Shall prostrate fall,
And own, our God
Is All in All.

Pſalm XIX. *The Book of Nature.*

I.

GREAT God the Heaven's well order'd
Frame,

Declares the Glories of thy Name:

There thy rich Works of Wonder Shine;
A thouſand Starry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear
Of boundleſs Power and Skill divine.

II.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,

Lectures of heavenly Wiſdom read:
With Silent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

III.

Yet their divine Inſtructions run,
Far as the Journies of the Sun;
And ev'ry Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun in daz'ling Glories dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt
Rolls round and makes the Earth rejoice.

IV.

Where 'ere he Spreads his Beams abroad,
He Smiles and Speaks his Maker God:

All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praise;
Thus God in ev'ry Creature Shines,
Fair as the Book of Natures Lines;
But fairer in the Book of Grace.

CCXXXIV. *The Wisdom of Redeeming Time.*

I.

GOD of Eternity, from Thee
Did infant Time its Being draw;
Moments and Days and Months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried Law.

II.

Silent and Slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the Current flows,
Lost in Eternity's vast Sea
The boundless Gulph from whence it rose.

III.

With it the tho'tless Sons of Men
Before the rapid Streams are born,
On, to that everlasting Home
Whence not one Soul can e're return,

IV.

Yet while the Shore on either Side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring Show;
We gaze in fond Amusement lost,
Nor think to what a World we go.

V.

Great Source of Wisdom, teach my Heart,
To know the Price of ev'ry Hour;
That Time may bear me on to Joys
Beyond its Measure and its Power.

 CCXXXV. *Going to Church.*

I.

HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly Say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the Solemn Day?

II.

II.

I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace,
Stands like a Palace built for God,
To shew his milder Face.

III.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown,
The holy Tribes repair:
The Son of *David* holds his Throne
And sits in Judgment there.

IV.

He hears our praises and Complaints,
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this Sacred Place,
And Joy a constant Guest!
With holy Gifts and heavenly Grace,
Be her Attendants blest!

VI.

My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

CCXXXVI. GOD's Wonders of Grace and
Mercy.

I.

GIVE to our God immortal Praise!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

X

II.

II.

Give to the LORD of *Lords* Renown,
The KING of *Kings* with Glory Crown:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

III.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
And fix'd the starry Lights on high,
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more.

V.

He sent his Son with Power to save,
From Guilt and Darknes and the Grave,
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

VI.

'Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat,
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be no more.

CCXXXVII. *Christ the Head of the Church.*

I.

JESUS, I sing thy matchless Grace,
That calls a Worm thy own;
Gives me among thy Saints a Place,
To make thy Glories known.

II.

Allied to Thee our vital Head,
 We live, and grow, and thrive;
 From Thee divided, each is dead,
 When most he seems alive.

III.

Thy Saints on Earth, and those above
 Here join in sweet accord;
 One Body all in mutual Love,
 And thou our common Lord.

IV.

O may my Faith each Hour derive
 Thy Spirit with Delight;
 While Death and Hell in vain shall strive,
 This Bond to disunite.

V.

Thou the whole Body wilt present
 Before thy Father's Face,
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a Spot,
 That beauteous Form Disgrace.

 CCXXXVIII. *Salvation by Grace.*

I.

GRACE! 'tis a charming Sound,
 Harmonious to my Ear,
 Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,
 And all the Earth shall hear.

II.

Grace first contriv'd the Way
 To save rebellious Man,
 And all the steps that Grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous Plan.

III.

Grace taught my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road:
And new supplies each Hour I meet,
To lead me on to GOD.

IV.

Grace all the Work shall Crown,
Thro' everlasting Days
It lays in Heav'n the top-moſt Stone,
And well deſerves the Praise.

CCXXXIX. *Praise to our CREATOR.*

I.

W I T H one Consent let all the Earth,
To GOD their chearful voices raise;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And ſing before Him Songs of Praise.

II.

Convinc'd that He is GOD alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The Flock which He vouchſafes to feed.

III.

O Enter then his Temple Gates!
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with praises bleſs.

IV.

For He's the LORD ſupremely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

CCXL. GOD's Gracious Regard to his
Creatures.

I.

LORD ! we adore thy wond'rous Name,
And make that Name our Trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious Frame
From mean and lifeless Dust.

II.

Awhile these frail Machines endure,
The Fabric of a Day ;
Then know their vital Pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to Clay.

III.

Yet, LORD, what e'er is felt or fear'd,
This Thought is our repose,
That He by whom this Frame was rear'd
It's various weakness knows.

IV.

Thou view'st us with a pitying Eye
Whilst struggling with our Load ;
In Pains and Dangers Thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

V.

Gently supported by thy Love
We tend to Realms of Peace ;
Where ev'ry Pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry Frailty cease.

CCXLI. *Going to Church.*

I.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry
Come let us seek our GOD to Day—

Yes, with a chearful Zeal,
 We haste to Zion's Hill;
 And there our Bows and Honours pay.

II.

Zion thrice happy Place,
 Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
 And walls of Strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our Tribes appear,
 To pray and praise and hear,
 The Sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

III.

May Peace attend thy Gate!
 And Joy within thee wait!
 To bless the Soul of every Guest:
 The Man who seeks thy Peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand Blessings on him rest!

IV.

My Tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this Sacred House!
 For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his bless'd abode,
 My Soul shall ever love thee well.

CCXLII. *The Excellency of the Gospel.*

I.

BE H O - L D the morning Sun
 Begins his glorious Way;
 His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
 And Light and Life convey.

II.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner Light;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

How perfect is thy Word,
And all thy Judgments just?
For ever sure thy Promise LORD;
And Men securely trust.

IV.

My gracious GOD how plain
Are thy Directions given?
O may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heaven!

V.

While with my Heart and Tongue;
I spread thy Praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the Song
My Saviour and my GOD.

CCXLIII. *The Life and Death of a Good Man.*

I.

MY GOD, the Steps of Pious Men,
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy Hand supports them still.

II.

The LORD delights to see their Ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Or leave the Man He loves,

III.

The heavenly Heritage is theirs,
 Their Portion and their Home :
 He feeds them now and makes them Heirs,
 Of Blessings long to come.

IV.

Mark well the Man of Righteousness,
 His several steps attend :
 True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,
 And peaceful is his End.

CCXLIV. *Lord's Day Morning.*

I.

HA I L happy Morn ! whose early Ray
 Beheld the Saviour rise :
 Welcome again ! auspicious Day,
 To our rejoicing Eyes.

II.

Ye humble Souls, with Guilt oppress'd,
 In JESUS see your Cure,
 For Man's offence he died, and rose
 To make your Pardon sure.

III.

Come, and the Wonders of the Day,
 In notes harmonious sing ;
 Tell to the World the Conquest's gain'd,
 By your victorious King.

IV.

O happy Souls, who feel the Power,
 Of his attractive Love !
 With him they die, with him they live,
 And seek the Things above.

V.

Lord, may I feel this Sacred Power.

And this Communion know :

Not all the World call good or great,

Can equal Bliss bestow.

CCXLV. *Establishment of the Church.*

I.

THE Lord in Zion placed his Throne,
The Ark was settled there ;

To Zion the whole Nation came

To worship thrice a Year.

II.

But we have no such lengths to go,

Nor wander far abroad ;

Where e'er the Saints assemble now,

There is a House for God.

III.

Arise, O King of Grace arise,

And enter to thy Rest ;

So, thy Church waits, with lifted Eyes,

Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

IV.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,

Thy Spirit and thy Word ;

All that the Ark did once contain,

Could no such Grace afford.

V.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,

Here let thy praise be spread ;

Bless the Provisions of thy House,

And fill thy poor with Bread.

VI.

VI.

Here, let the Son of *David* reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine,
 Justice and Truth his Court maintain
 With Love and Power divine.

VII.

Here, let him hold his lasting Throne,
 And as his Kingdom grows,
 Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
 And Shame confound his Foes.

CCXLVI. *GOD, the good Man's Refuge.*

I.

WHEN Storms hang o'er the Christian's
 He flies unto his God; [Head,
 And under his refreshing shade,
 Finds a secure Abode.

II.

When Foes without, and Lusts within,
 Seek to destroy his Peace:
 To God he makes his Sorrows known,
 And strait his Sorrows cease.

III.

When Winds of strong Temptation blow,
 And Floods of Trouble roll;
 God is the Help, and Refuge too,
 Of his distressed Soul.

IV.

But when tremendous Terror's Seize,
 Where will the Sinner fly?
 He feels a thousand Agonies
 And no Deliverer nigh!

CCLXVII.

CCXLVII. *A Psalm of Praise.*

I.

O Thou array'd in Robes of Light!
Great King, enthron'd on high,
Beyond the Reach of mortal Sight,
Beyond the lofty-sky!

II.

With Sacred Joy we lift our Eyes,
To those bright Realms above:
That Splendid Palace in the Skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

III.

There *Jesus* reigns the Prince of Peace,
The matchless Friend of Men;
Who died to save our sinful Race,
And rose to Life again.

IV.

Whilst all those radiant Orbs of Fire,
That shine from Pole to Pole,
In silent Harmony conspire,
To Praise thee as they roll.

V.

O shall not we of human Race,
The glorious Concert join?
Shall not the Children of thy Grace,
Attempt the Theme divine?

VI.

Yes, amidst Life's uncertain Days,
Be this our Sweet Employ;
In Death's dark Hour we'll speak thy Praise,
Then soar to boundless Joy.

CCXLVIII. *Divine Worship.*

I.

BEFORE the awful Throne we bow,
Of Heav'ns eternal King:
Here we presents the solemn vow
And Psalms of praises sing.

II.

Thou'rt not exalted, LORD, by Songs,
Which Earth or Heaven can raise;
Nor human nor angelic Tongues
Can shew forth all thy Praise.

III.

Yet be it now our Soul's Delight
In feeble notes to join;
Ere long with Angels we'll unite
In Anthems more divine.

IV.

Whilst we approach—O God of Grace!
Thine Earthly Courts, draw nigh:
Lift up thy reconciled Face,
And waft our Souls on high.

V.

Whilst in thy House of Pray'r we kneel,
Our Hearts create anew;
The Greatness of that God to feel,
With whom we have to do.

VI.

Nor from thy Presence cast away
The Sacrifice we bring:
But teach our conscious Hearts to pray,
And tune our Lips to sing.

CCXLIX. *The Divine Power.*

I.

ETERNAL God! thy Works of Might,
 Our Awe and Wonder raise;
 Thy Deeds of Glory far surpass
 Our Loftiest notes of Praise.

II.

Thy Voice, like Thunder, fills the Air,
 Resounding through the Sky;
 While vivid Lightnings 'midst the Gloom
 Proclaim JEHOVAH nigh.

III.

He comes — all Nature prostrate lies,
 And trembles at his Nod:
 Earthquakes and dreadful Storms announce
 The Presence of the God.

IV.

The howling Winds, the beating Rain,
 The Sea's tumultuous Roar;
 These in tremendous Concert join'd
 Exalt thy boundless Pow'r.

V.

Great God! in this devout Employ,
 Whilst Heav'n and Earth combine,
 We too in feeble Strains adore
 Thy boundless Pow'r divine.

VI.

Secure we trust the matchless Strength,
 Of thine Almighty Arm,
 Which 'midst the Wreck of thousand Worlds
 Can shelter us from Harm.

CCL. *The Pleasure of Public Worship.*

I.

O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the Place,
Where Thou enthron'd in Glory shew'st
The Brightness of thy Face!

II.

My longing Soul faints with desire
To view thy blest Abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out,
For thee the living GOD.

III.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and GOD,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display.

IV.

Thrice happy they, whose Choice hath Thee
Their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the Sacred ways
That to thy Dwelling lead.

V.

Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy Mount
Before their Lord appear.

CCLI. GOD *the Lord of Nature.* Psalm 93.

I.

WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd
The LORD who o'er all Nature reigns
The World's Foundation strongly laid,
And the vast Fabric still sustains.

II.

II.

How firmly 'stablish'd is thy Throne!
Which shall no change nor Period see:
For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone
Art GOD from all Eternity.

III.

The Floods, O LORD, lift up their Voice,
And toss their troubled Waves on high:
But GOD above can still their Noise,
And make the angry Seas comply.

IV.

Thy Promise, LORD, is ever sure,
And they who in the House would dwell,
That happy Station to Secure
Must still in Holiness excel.

CCLII. *New Year's Day.*

I.

AND now, my Soul, another Year
Of thy short Life is past:
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

II.

Much of my dubious Life is gone,
Nor will return again:
And swift my passing Moments run
The few that yet remain.

III.

Awake, my Soul, with utmost Care
Thy true Condition learn,
What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair?
And what thy chief Concern?

IV.

Now a new Scene of Time begins,
 Set out therewith for Heaven:
 Repent of all thy former Sins,
 Reform, and be forgiven.

V.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And to his Care commend:
 With Zeal pursue the heavenly Road,
 Nor doubt an happy End.

CCLIII. GOD's *universal Dominion.*

I.

THE LORD, the Sovereign King,
 Hath fix'd his Throne on high:
 O'er all the heavenly World he rules,
 And all beneath the Sky.

II.

Ye Angels great in Might,
 And Swift to do his Will,
 Bless ye the LORD whose Voice ye hear
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright Hosts, who wait
 The Orders of their King,
 And guard the Churches when they pray,
 Join in the Praise they sing.

IV.

While all his wond'rous Works,
 Thro' his vast Kingdom shew
 Their Maker's Glory, thou my Soul
 Shalt sing his praises too:

CCLIV. *Comfort in the Views of Death.*

I.

W H Y should our mourning Thoughts
To grovel in the Dust? delight
Or why should streams of Tears unite
Around the expiring Just?

II.

Did not the Lord, our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the Grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his Pow'r to save?

III.

Doth not his promis'd Spirit come
And dwell in all his Saints?
And should the Temples of his Grace
Resound with long Complaints?

IV.

Awake, my Soul, and like the Sun
Burst thro' each fable Cloud;
No more, my Voice, indulge these Sighs,
But speak thy Songs aloud.

V.

The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And spite of Death and Hell shall raise
Thy pious Friends and Thee.

VI.

Awake, ye Saints that dwell in Dust,
Your Hymns of Vict'ry sing:
And let his dying Servants trust,
Their ever-living King.

CCLV. *The living Sacrifice.*

I.

AND will the Eternal King
 So mean a gift regard?
 That Off'ring, Lord, with Joy we bring,
 Which thine own Hand prepar'd.

II.

We own thy various claim,
 And to thine Altar move,
 The willing victims of thy Grace,
 And bound with cords of Love.

III.

Descend, celestial Fire,
 The Sacrifice inflame;
 So shall a grateful Odour rise
 Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CCLVI. *Succour in Time of Trial.*

I.

NOW let the feeble Soul be strong,
 And make JEHOVAH'S Arm its song:
 His Shield is spread o'er ev'ry Saint,
 And thus protected, who shall faint?

II.

What tho' the Hosts of Hell engage
 With artful Subtlety and Rage?
 A faithful God restrains their Hands,
 And chains them down in Iron Bands.

III.

Bound by his Word, He will display,
 A Strength proportion'd to our Day;
 And when united Trials meet,
 Will shew a Path of safe Retreat.

IV.

IV.

Thus far we prove that Promise good
Which JESUS ratified with Blood:
Still He is gracious, wise and just,
And still in Him let *Israel* trust.

CCLVII. *National Deliverences, for the Fifth
of November.*

I.

PRAISE to the LORD, whose mighty Hand,
So oft' reveal'd hath sav'd our Land:
And when united Nations rose,
O'erwhelm'd with shame our haughtiest Foes.

II.

When mighty Navies from afar
To *Britain* wasted, threat'ning War;
His Breath dispers'd them all with Ease
And Sunk their Terrours in the Seas.

III.

While for our Princes, they prepare
In Caverns deep a firey snare,
He shot from Heaven a piercing Ray,
And the dark Treach'ry bro't to Day.

IV.

Princes and Priests again combine
New chains to forge, new snares to twine;
Again our gracious GOD appears,
And breaks their chains, and cuts their snares.

V.

Obedient Winds at his Command
Convey his *Hero* to our Land:
The Sons of Rome with Terror view
And speed their Flight, when none pursue.

VI.

VI.

In Thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
 Continu'd Rescue to afford;
 Still be thy pow'ful Arm made bare,
 For all thy servant's hopes are there.

CCLVIII. *Universal Praise to CHRIST.*

I.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
 With Angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.

II.

Worthy the Lamb, that died, they cry
 To be exalted thus!
 Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
 For He was slain for us.

III.

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and Power divine;
 And Blessings more then we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

IV.

Let all that dwell above the Sky
 And Air, and Earth, and Sea,
 Conspire to lift thy Glories high,
 And speak thy endless Praise.

V.

The whole Creation, join in one,
 To bless the Sacred Name;
 Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

CCLIX. CHRIST'S *Humiliation and Exaltation.*

I.

WORTHY is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign, [died;
At his Almighty Father's side.

II.

Power and Dominion are his Due,
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* Bar;
Wildom belongs to JESUS too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

III.

All riches are his native Right
Yet He sustain'd amazing Loss;
To Him ascribe eternal Might,
Who left his Weakness on the Cross.

IV.

Honours immortal now be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn
While Glory shines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

V.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curse for wretched Men;
Let Angels sound his Sacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature say, Amen.

CCLX. *Memorial of our absent LORD.*

I.

JESUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal Objects court our Eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our Thoughts.

II.

II.

He knows what wand'ring Hearts we have,
Apt to forget his wond'rous Grace;
And therefore these Memorials gave,
'Till we ascend to see his Face.

III.

The Lord of Life this Table spread,
In Mem'ry of his dying Love;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And here partake of Joys above.

IV.

While He is absent from our Sight,
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

V.

Our Eyes look upward to the Hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait his Chariot's awful Wheels,
To fetch our longing Spirits home.

CCLXI. *For the LORD's Supper.*

I.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My God, my heav'nly King:
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Hymns of Glory sing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines,
His Goodness to the Skies!
Thro' the whole World his Bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

III.

But O, thy Love to guilty Man
 Demands our highest Praise ;
 JESUS fulfils the gracious Plan
 Thy boundless Mercy lays.

IV.

The kind Compassion thou hast shewn,
 With Wonder Angels view :
 He bro't Salvation from the Throne,
 When Vengeance was our Due.

V.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim :
 But we, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Shall most exalt thy Name.

CCLXII. GOD's *Care of his Saints.*

I.

LORD, I will blefs thee all my Days,
 Thy Praise shall dwell upon my Tongue;
 My Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
 While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

II.

Come, magnify the LORD with me ;
 Come, let us all exalt his Name ;
 I sought the eternal God, and He
 Has not exposed my hope to shame.

III.

I told him all my secret Grief,
 My secret Groaning reach'd his Ears :
 He gave my inward Pains Relief,
 And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

IV.

IV.

To Him the poor lift up their Eyes,
 Their Faces feel the Heavenly shine;
 A beam of Mercy from the Skies
 Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

V.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
 Around the Men that serve the LORD,
 O fear and love him all his Saints,
 Taste of his Grace and trust his Word.

VI.

The wild young Lion's pinch'd with Pain
 And Hunger, roar thro' all the Wood:
 But none shall seek the LORD in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real Good.

CCLXIV. GOD's *Protection of his Church.*

I.

LET *Zion* in her King rejoice,
 Tho' Tyrants rage and Kingdoms rise;
 He utters his Almighty Voice,
 The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

II.

The LORD of old for Jacob fought,
 And Jacob's God is still our Aid:
 Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
 What Desolations he has made.

III.

From Sea to Sea, thro' all the Shores,
 He makes the Noise of Battle cease;
 When from on high his Thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling World to Peace.

IV.

IV.

He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame:
Keep silence all the Earth and hear
The sound and Glory of his Name.

V.

Be still, and learn that I am God;
I'll be exalted o'er the Lands:
I will be known and fear'd abroad,
But still my Throne in Zion stands.

VI.

O LORD of Hosts, Almighty King!
While we so near thy Presence dwell,
Our Faith shall sit secure and sing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

* CCLXIV. *Confession of Sin.*

I.

LORD, I would spread my sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes!
Against thy Laws, against thy Grace,
How high my crimes arise.

II.

I from the stock of Adam came,
To sensual Good inclin'd:
Strong flows the tide to sensual Joys,
And weak the opposing Mind.

III.

Cleanse me O LORD, and chear my soul
With thy forgiving Love!
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove!

IV.

Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create a new my sensual Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

V.

Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backsliders shall address thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

CCLXV. *Repentance and Faith in CHRIST.*

I.

O GOD of Mercy hear my call,
And all my Guilt remove!
Break down this separating Wall,
That bars me from thy Love.

II.

Give me the Presence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness,
And make thy Praise my song.

III.

No Blood of Goats, nor Heifers slain
Could mortal Guilt atone;
The Grace of GOD in CHRIST accepts
True Penitents alone.

IV.

A Soul oppress'd with sin's Deserts,
My GOD will ne'er despise;
An humble Groan, a broken Heart
Is our best Sacrifice.

CCLXVI. *Prayer and Praise for Protection.*

I.

MY GOD, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundless Love and Grace un-
known,

Hide me beneath thy spreading Wings
Till the dark cloud is over blown.

II.

Up to the Heav'ns I send my cry,
The LORD will my desires perform;
He sends his Angels from the Sky,
To save me from th' impending Storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

IV.

My Heart is fix'd my Song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to Sound his praise,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

V.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost Sky;
His Truth to endless Years remains,
When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell,
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

CCLXVII. *Ashamed of* JESUS.

I.

A SHAM'D of Thee! Thou matchless
Friend,

On whom my noblest hopes depend!
Forbid it Heav'n! that e're my Heart,
Should act so mean, so base a part.

II.

Oh! let the Wheels of Life stand still,
E're I forget my Saviour's Will:
E're I submit to guilty shame,
Or dare to slight my Saviour's Name.

III.

He soothes and softens ev'ry Care;
Dispels the shades of black Dispair;
To brighter Prospects points the Way,
And turns the Gloom of Night to Day.

IV.

'Tis He sustains the Heart oppress'd,
'Tis He relives the guilty Breast;
From Heav'n he came our Souls to save,
And raise us from the darksome Grave.

V.

O GOD! and shall it e're be said,
That we forsook our glorious Head:
Sooner we'll yeild both Life and Fame,
Then bring Reproach on JESUS's Name.

VI.

All worldly Prospects we resign,
To plead the Cause of Truth divine:
Then in the last decisive Day,
Shall meet our Judge without Dismay.

CCLXVIII.

CCLXVIII. *A Song of Praise to the Redeemer.*

I.

HAIL! to the Sov'reign Power that broke
The strength of Sins tyrannic yoke,
And freed our captive Race
Did all the Rage of Hell confound,
And gave to Death its fetal Wound,
All Hail! victorious Grace.

II.

Hail! to the Friend of human kind,
Who his celestial Throne resign'd,
To succour Men distress :
Who could unnumber'd Wrongs forgive ;
Who groand the Rebel to relieve ;
And bled to make him blest.

III.

Thus, gracious Saviour, Thee we praise;
And while our feeble Songs we raise,
To bless thee and adore ;
Some spark of Heav'nly Fire impart,
To warm each glad transported Heart,
To bless and love thee more.

IV.

Oh! When shall that bright Day arise,
When in full Glory to our Eyes,
Thy Beauties shall appear!
Then, in a far sublimer strain,
We'll praise our great Redeemer's Name;
Thro' Heav'n's eternal Year..

CCLXIX. *The LORD's Prayer.*

I.

FATHER of all! eternal Mind!
Immensely good and great!

Thy Children form'd and blest by Thee;
Approach thy Heav'nly Seat.

II.

Thy Name in hallow'd strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise:
To thy great Name with Heart and Tongue
Our chearful Homage raise.

III.

Thy righteous, mild, and Sov'reign Reign
Let ev'ry Being own;
And in our Minds, that Work divine,
Erect thy gracious Throne.

IV.

As Angels, round thy Seat above,
Thy blest Commands fulfil;
So may thy Creatures here below
Perform thy Heav'nly Will.

V.

On Thee we Day by Day depend;
Our daily Wants supply:
And feed with Truth and Love divine
Our Souls, that never die.

VI.

Extend thy Grace to ev'ry Fault:-
Oh! let thy Love forgive:
Teach us divine Forgiveness too-
Nor let Resentments live.

VII.

Where tempting snares bestrew the Way,
Permit us not to tread:
Avert the threat'ning Evil near
From our unguarded Head.

VIII.

Thy Sacred Name we thus adore,
 With humble, joyful Mind :
 And praise thy Goodness, Power, and Truth
 Eternal, unconfin'd.

CCLXX. *Divine Protection.*

I.

O Happy Souls, who firmly just,
 Still persevere in Duty's Road :
 When Troubles come, their Hope and Trust
 Is in thy Power, Almighty God !

II.

While Tempests darken all the Skies,
 And Waves of rough Afflictions roar,
 While hostile Legions round them rise,
 And Hell gapes eager to devour.

III.

They may their utmost Pow'r defy,
 And smile at all their vain Alarms ;
 Their guardian God is ever nigh,
 And their's his everlasting Arms.

IV.

He can the roaring Storms assuage ;
 The swelling Waves obey his Will :
 And when the furious Passions rage ;
 He speaks—they tremble and are still.

V.

Their proud oppressors foam in vain,
 With Hell, in impious League combin'd ;
 He holds the Lions in his Chains,
 And keeps their Fury still confin'd.

VI.

VI.

Fix'd on his Word's eternal Base,
 His envied Church shall stand secure:
 His Saints still Triumph in his Grace,
 And find his Goodness ever sure.

CCLXXI. *Dependance on GOD, and Hope
 in his Goodness.*

I.

MY GOD, my everlasting Hope,
 I live upon thy Truth;
 Thine hand have held my Childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my Youth.

II.

Still has my Life new Wonders seen
 With each returning Year:
 Behold my Days, which yet remain,
 I Trust them to thy care.

III.

Cast me not off, when Strength declines,
 When hoary Hairs arise:
 And round me let thy Goodness shine,
 Whene'er thy Servant dies.

IV.

Then in the Hist'ry of my Age,
 When Men review my Days;
 They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
 In ev'ry line Thy praise.

CCLXXII. *GOD eternal, Man mortal.*

I.

O GOD, our Help in Ages past;
 Our Hope for Years to come:

Our

Our shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

II.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame;
From everlasting thou art God
To endless Years the same.

III.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to dust,
Return ye Sons of Men;
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

IV.

Time, like an overflowing stream,
Bears all its Sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

V.

O God, our Help in Ages past,
Our hope in Days to come,
Our shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

CCLXXIII. GOD *omnipresent.*

I.

IN all my vast concerns with thee
In vain my Soul would try,
To shun thy Presence, LORD, or flee
The notice of thine Eye.

II.

Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;

My

My public walks my private ways,
And secrets of my Breast.

III.

My Thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within:
And e're my Lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

IV.

O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling Arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

V.

If o're my Sins I seek to draw;
The curtains of the Night;
Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Would turn the shades to Light.

VI.

The beams of Noon, the midnight Hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er offend that Power,
From which I cannot flee!

CCLXXIV. *Praise for Creation and Providence.*

I.

I Sing th' Almighty pow'r of GOD,
That made the Mountains rise;
That spread the flowing Seas abroad,
And built the lofty Skies.

II.

I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd
The Sun to rule the Day;

The Moon shines full at his Command,
And all the Stars obey.

III.

I sing the Goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the Earth with Food ;
He form'd the Creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

There's not a plant, nor Flow'r below,
But makes his Glory known :
The Clouds arise and Tempests blow
By order of thy Throne.

V.

Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

VI.

His hand is my perpetual Guard,
He keeps me with his Eye ;
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh ?

CCLXXV. *At the LORD's Table.*

I.

AT thy Command, our dearest LORD,
Here we attend thy dying Feast ;
The Bread thy broken Body shews,
The wine thy Blood, to ev'ry Guest.

II.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd :

We

My public walks my private ways,
And secrets of my Breast.

III.

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Before they're form'd within:
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II.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd :

We

We hope for heav'nly Crowns above,
From a Redeemer Crucify'd.

III.

Let the vain World pronounce it shame,
And fling their Scandals on thy Cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Cross.

VI.

With Joy we tell the Scoffing Age,
He that was Dead hath left his Tomb;
He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

CCLXXVI. *On New Year's Day.*

I.

BEHOLD, my Soul, the narrow Bounds
Of the revolving Year!
How swift the Weeks compleat their Rounds,
How short the Months appear!

II.

So fast *eternity* comes on,
And that important Day,
When all that mortal Life hath done,
God's Judgment shall survey.

III.

Yet like an idle tale we pass,
The swift advancing Year;
And by our tho'tless Steps increase
The speed of its Career.

IV.

Waken, O God, my trifling Heart,
Its great concern to see;

That

That I may act the Christian Part
And give the Year to Thee.

V.

So shall their Course more grateful roll,
If future Years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting Soul,
To Joy that never dies.

CCLXXVII. *Praise for national Peace.*

I.

GREAT Ruler of the Earth and Skies,
A Word of thy Almighty Breath
Can sink the World or bid it rise:
Thy smile is Life, Thy frown is Death.

II.

When angry Nations rush to Arms;
And Rage, and Noise, and Tumult reign,
And War resounds its dire Alarms
And Slaughter Ipreads the hostile Plain.

III.

Thy Sov'reign Eye looks calmly down,
And marks their Course, and bounds their
Thy Word the angry Nations own, [Pow'r:
And Noise and War are heard no more.

IV.

Then Peace returns with balmy Wing;
Sweet Peace! with her what Blessings fled?
Glad Plenty laughs, the Vallies sing;
Reviving Commerce lifts her Head.

V.

Thou Good, and wise, and righteous LORD,
All move Subservient to thy Will:

A a

And

And Peace and War await thy Word,
And thy sublime Decrees fulfil.

VI.

To Thee we pay our grateful Songs,
Thy kind Protection still implore :
O may our Hearts, and Lives, and Tongues
Confess thy Goodness and adore.

CCLXXVIII. *Confidence in God our Father.*

I.

O G O D on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care :
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In ev'ry scene appear.

II.

With open Hand and lib'ral Heart
Thou wilt our wants supply :
Thy heavenly Blessings still impart,
And no good Thing deny.

III.

Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And Wisdom guides his Love :
To thine appointment we submit,
And every Choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal Love and Care,
With chearful Heart we trust,
Thy tender mercies boundless are
And all thy Thoughts are just.

V.

We cannot want while God provides,
What He allots is best :

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And Heav'n what e're we want besides
Will give Eternal rest.

CCLXXIX. *The Messiah's kingdom welcom'd.*

I.

JOY to the World, the LORD is come,
Let Earth receive her King ;
Let every Heart prepare him Room,
And heaven and Nature sing.

II.

Joy to the Earth the SAVIOUR reigns,
Let Men their Songs employ :
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills, and
Plains
Repeat the sounding Joy.

III.

No more let Sins and sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infect the Ground :
He comes to make his Blessings flow,
Far as the Curse is found.

IV.

He rules the World with truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteousness
And Wonders of his Love.

CCLXXX. *GOD our Shepherd.*

I.

OUR Shepherd is the living Lord,
Now shall our wants be well supplied :
His Providence and holy Word
Become our safety and our guide.

II.

In pastures where Salvation grows ;
 He makes us feed, He makes us rest ;
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the Food's divinely blest.

III.

Our wand'ring Feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores our Souls to Peace ;
 And leads us, for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of Righteousness.

IV.

Tho' we Walk thro' the gloomy Vale
 Where Death and all its Terroures are ;
 Our Heart and hope shall never fail,
 For GOD our Shepherd's with us there.

V.

Amidst the darkest scenes of Grief,
 Thou art our Comfort, Thou our stay,
 Thy Staff affords a kind Relief ;
 Thy Rod directs our doubtful Way.

VI.

Surely, the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his Children all their Days :
 Here will we dwell to hear his Word,
 To seek his Face, and sing his praise.

CCLXXXI. *Universal Praise to GOD.*

I.

TH Y Name, Almighty LORD,
 Shall sound thro' distant Lands,
 Great is thy Grace and sure thy Word,
 Thy Truth for ever stands.

II.

Far be Thine honours spread,
 And long Thy praise endure,
 'Till morning Light and evening shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

CCLXXXII. *Christ's Call to Sinners.*

I.

NOW let the list'ning World around,
 In silent Rev'rence hear,
 While from on high the Saviour's Voice
 Strikes each attentive Ear.

II.

To you, O Sons of Men I call!
 And from my lofty Throne,
 Reclin'd in gentle pity bow
 To bring Salvation down.

III.

Ye thot'less Sinners, hear my Voice;
 Attend my Words, and live:
 My Words conduct to solid Joys
 And endless Blessings give.

IV.

Each faithful Minister is sent,
 This message to proclaim;
 In ev'ry various Providence
 The Language is the same.

V.

Forgetful mortals! Yet be wise,
 While o'er the Grave ye stand;
 Lest long neglected Love provoke
 The Vengeance of my Hand.

VI.

In glad submission bend your knee,
Nor steel that stubborn Heart,
'Till my irrevocable Voice
Pronounce the Word—Depart!

CCLXXXIII. *Thoughtless youth admonish'd.*

I.

Indulgent God, with pitying Eye
The Sons of Men survey;
And see, how youthful Sinners sport
In Hell's destructive Way.

II.

Ten thousand Dangers lurk around
And bear them to the Tomb;
Each, in an Hour, may plunge them down
Where hope can never come.

III.

Rescue O Lord, their wand'ring Minds,
Amused with airy Dreams;
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary Schemes!

IV.

With holy caution may they Walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
'Till each, the Desert safely pass'd,
On Zion's hill abide.

CCLXXXIV. *Salvation.*

I.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our Ears;

A Sov'reign balm for all our Wounds,
A Cordial for our Fears.

II.

Salvation ! O the Power and Love,
That here triumphant Reign,
To raise the Soul from Death and Hell
To Life and God again !

III.

Salvation ! may it's Sov'reign Power
Our stubborn Souls subdue ;
And Tune our Tongues to loftier strains
Than ever mortals knew !

IV.

Salvation ! let the Echo fly,
The spacious Earth around :
And all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

CCLXXXV. *The vanity of mortal Man.*

I.

TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame ;
I would Survey Life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A span is all that we can boast ;
An inch or two of Time ;
Man is but vanity and Dust,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

III.

See, the vain Race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the Plain,

They

They rage and strive; desire and love,
But all their Noise is vain.

IV.

Some walk in honours gaudy show,
Some dig for golden Ore;
They toil for Heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

V.

What shall we wish, or wait for then
From creatures, Earth and Dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

VI.

Now we forbid our carnal hope,
Our fond Desires recal:
We give our mortal Interest up;
And make our God our all.

CCLXXXVI. *Christian Love.*

I.

LET party Names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their Head.

II.

Among the Saints on Earth
Let mutual Love be found;
Heirs of the same Inheritance;
With mutual Blessings Crown'd.

III.

Let Envy, Child of Hell!
Be banish'd, far away;

Those

Those should in strictest Friendship dwell
Who the same LORD obey.

IV.

Thus will the Church below,
Resemble that above,
Where Streams of Pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is Love.

CCLXXXVII. *Christian sympathy.*

I.

HA I L, everlasting Prince of Peace !
Blest Governor divine !
How gracious is thy Sceptre's sway !
What gentle Laws are thine !

II.

His tender Heart with Love o'erflow'd,
Love Spoke in ev'ry Breath ;
Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all his Life,
And triumph'd in his Death.

III.

All these united charms he shews,
Our frozen Souls to move ;
This just Return his Love demands
That we each other love.

IV.

Oh ! be this Sacred Law fulfill'd.
In ev'ry Act and Thought ;
Each angry Passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forget.

V.

Be thou, my Heart, dilated wide
By thy Redeemer's Grace,

And

And in one grasp of fervent Love
All Heav'n and Earth embrace.

CCLXXXVIII. *Shortness of Life improved*

I.

AL A S S ! how fast our Moments fly !
How short our Months appear !
How swift the various Seasons run
Thro' the revolving Year !

II.

Seasons of Grace, and Days of hope,
While *Jesus* waiting stands,
And shews the Blessings of his Love
With kind inviting Hands.

III.

But O ! how slow our stupid Souls
These Blessings to secure !
Blessings, which thro' Eternal Years
Unfading shall endure.

IV.

Beneath the Word of Life we die,
We starve amidst our store ;
And what Salvation should impart
Heightens our Ruin more.

V.

Pity this Madness, God of Love,
And make us truly wise :
So from the precious seeds of Grace
Shall glorious harvests rise.

CCLXXXIX. *The wonderful Formation of
Man.*

I.

WHEN I with curious Eyes survey,
My complicated Frame;
I read on ev'ry Part inscrib'd,
My great Creator's Name.

II.

With nicest Art in secret, LORD,
Thou didst each Member write;
And when thy Model was complete
My Eyes beheld the Light.

III.

Thou bid'st the purpule Flood of Life,
In circling Streams to flow,
And send the genial heat around,
Thro' ev'ry part to glow.

IV.

My heaving Lungs, whilst They have Pow'r
To fan the vital Flame;
Shall sing thy praises, O my God,
Thy wond'rous skill proclaim.

V.

My Eyes by thee were placed aloft,
And form'd with Ease to roll;
To see thy glorious Works on high,
Which shine from Pole to Pole.

VI.

Why was my Body form'd erect,
Whilst Brutes bow down to Earth?
But that my Soul should learn to know,
And claim its nobler Birth.

VII.

Author of Life ! my Tongue shall sing
 The Wonders of my Frame ;
 Long as I breath, and think, and speak,
 I'll praise thy glorious Name.

 CCXC. *Vanity of human Life.*

I.

FRAIL Life of Man ! how short its stay !
 How various as the Wind !
 We laugh and sport our hours away,
 Nor think of Death behind.

II.

See, the fair cheek of Beauty fade,
 Frail Glory of an hour ;
 And blooming Youth with sick'ning Head,
 Droop like a Dying Flow'r.

III.

Wealth, Pomp and Honour we behold
 With an admiring Eye,
 Like Summer's insects drest in Gold,
 That flutter, shine and dye.

IV.

Then rise, my Soul, and soar away,
 Above the thot'less Crowd ;
 Above the Pleasures of the gay,
 And splendors of the proud.

V.

Up where eternal Beauties bloom,
 And pleasures all divine ;
 Where wealth that never can consum
 And endless Glories shine.

VI.

There Saints in Fields unfading rove,
 The Seraph's blest Abode :
 There reign enroled in Beams of Love
 My Saviour and my God.

M.

CCXCI. *Unfruitfulness under Gospel Privileges.*

I.

L O N G have we sat beneath the Sound,
 Of thy Salvation, Lord ;
 But still how weak our Faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy Word !

II.

Oft' we frequent thy holy Place,
 And hear almost in vain ;
 How small a Portion of Thy Grace,
 Our tho'tless Souls retain !

II.

How cold and feeble is our Love !
 How negligent our Fear !
 How low our hopes of Joys above !
 How few Affections there !

IV.

Great God ! thy Sov'reign Power impart,
 To give thy Word success ;
 Write Thy Salvation in my Heart,
 And make me learn thy Grace.

V.

Shew my forgetful Feet the Way
 That leads to Joys on high ;
 There knowledge grows without Decay,
 And Love shall never die.

B b

CCXCII.

CCXCII. *Guiding and Sanctifying Grace desired.*

I.

A MIDST a World of hopes and Fears,
A wild of Cares, and Toils, and Tears,
Where Foes alarm and Dangers threat,
And Pleasures kill and Glories cheat.

II.

Shed down, O Lord, an heav'nly Ray
To guide me in the doubtful Way :
And o'er me hold thy Shield of Pow'r.
To guard me in the dang'rous Hour.

III.

Teach me the flatt'ring Paths to shun,
In which the tho'tless many run ;
Who for a shade the Substance miss,
And grasp their Ruin in their Bliss.

IV.

Each noble Principle impart,
The Faith that Sanctifies the Heart ;
Hope that to Heav'n's high Vault aspires,
And Love that warms with holy Fires.

V.

What e're is honest, pure, refine,
Just, generous, amiable and kind,
That may my constant Zeal pursue,
That may I love, and practise too !

VI.

May never Pleasure, Wealth or pride,
Allure my wand'ring Soul aside,
But thro' this Maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly Hill !

M.

CCXCIII.

CCXCIII. *Christ Supreme over the Family of*
G O D.

I.

WITH what Delight, I raise my Eyes,
And view the Courts where *Jesus*
dwells !

Jesus who reigns beyond the Skies,
And here below his Grace reveals.

II.

Of *David's* royal House, the Key
Is born by His majestic Hand :
Mansions and Treasures there I see ;
Subjected all to his Command.

III.

He shuts, and Worlds might strive in vain
The mighty Obstacle to move ;
He looses all their Bars again,
And who shall shut the Gates of Love ?

IV.

Fix'd in Omnipotence He bears,
The Glories of His Father's Name
Sustains his People's weighty Cares
Thro' ev'ry changing Age the same.

V.

My little All, I there suspend
Where the whole Weight of Heav'n is hung ;
Secure I rest in such a Friend ;
Praise Him in everlasting Songs, my Tongue.

CCXCIV. *For a Fast Day in Time of War.*

I.

GREAT God of Hosts attend our Pray'r,
And make the *British* Isles thy Care ;

B b 2

To

To Thee we raise our, suppliant Cries,
When angry Nations round us rise.

II.

Fain would they tread our Glory down,
And in the Dust defile our Crown,
Deluge our Houses with our Blood,
And burn the Temples of our God.

III.

But 'midst the Thunder of their Rage
We thy Protection would engage,
O raise thy saving Arm on high,
And bring Deliv'rance from the Sky.

IV.

May *Britain*, as one Man, be led
To make the Lord their Fear and Dread;
Our Souls no other Fear shall know,
Tho' Earth were leagued with Hell below.

V.

EMANUEL'S Land shall safe remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign,
'Till ev'ry hostile Rumour cease
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.

CCXCV. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

HAIL! to the Sov'reign Power that broke
The Strength of Sins tyranic Yoke,
And freed our Captive Races:
Did all the Rage of Hell confound;
And gave to Death his fatal Wound;
All Hail victorious Grace!

Hail!

II.

Hail ! to the Friend of Human-kind,
Who his celestial Throne resign'd,
To succour Man distress'd :
Who could unnumber'd Wrongs forgive,
Who groan'd the Rebel to relieve,
And died to make him blest !

III.

To Thee our Lives, our Souls we owe,
Our Peace and all our Joys below,
And brighter Hopes above :
Then let our Lives, and all that's ours,
Our Bodies, Souls, and all our Pow'rs,
Be Sacred to Thy Love.

IV.

Thus, gracious Saviour ; Thee we praise ;
And while our feeble Songs we raise,
To bless Thee and adore ;
Some spark of heav'nly Fire impart,
To touch each glad transported Heart
To bless and love Thee more.

V.

O when shall that great Day arise ;
When in full Glories to our Eyes,
Thy Beauties shall appear !
Then wide o'er all the Ætherial Plains
We'll praise Thee in Sublimier Strains,
Thro' Heav'ns Eternal Year.

CCXCVI. GOD *Sovereign and Gracious.*
PSALM cxiii.

I.

YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In every Age his praises Sing :
Where e're the Sun shall rise or set
The Nations shall his praise repeat.

II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky,
Stands his high Throne of Majesty :
No Time, nor Place his Pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal Reign.

III.

Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
Or Angels, with their God compare ;
His Glories shine divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light.

IV.

Behold his Love ! He stoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do :
And condescends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

V.

From Dust and Cottages obscure
His Grace exalts the humble Poor,
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

CCXCVII. *Hosanna, for the Lord's Day.*

PSALM cxviii.

I.

LO ! what a glorious corner Stone,
The *Jewish* Builders did refuse,

But

But GOD both built his Church thereon,
In spite of Envy, and the *Jews*.

II.

Great GOD ! the work is all divine,
The Joy and wonder of our Eyes :
This is the Day that proves it Thine,
The Day that saw our Saviour rise.

III.

Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad,
Hosanna ! let his Name be blest,
A thousand Honours on His Head,
With Peace, and Light, and Glory rest.

IV.

In GOD's own Name, he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race,
Let the whole Church his Triumphs sing
And ev'ry Tongue pronounce his praise.

CCXCVIII. *Recovery from Sicknefs.*

I.

I Love the LORD, he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan ;
Long as I live when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.

II.

I bless the LORD, he bow'd his Ear,
And chaf'd my Griefs away ;
O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray.

III.

My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell ;
And I drew near the Dead ;

While

While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakful head.

IV.

My God, I cry'd, Thy servant save!
Thou ever good and just!
Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave,
That Pow'r is all my Trust.

V.

The LORD beheld me fore distress
He bid my Pains remove;
Return, my Soul, to GOD thy rest,
For Thou hast known his Love.

VI.

My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears;
Now in his praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

CCXCIX. *Light and Strength from the Scriptures.*

I.

HOW shall the young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules impart
To keep the conscience clear.

II.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to GOD.

III.

'Tis like the Sun, an heav'nly Light.
That guides us all the Day;

And

And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

IV.

The Men that keep thy Law with care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

V.

Thy Precepts make me truly wise ;
I shun the Sinner's Road,
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise,
But love Thy Law, my GOD.

VI.

Thy Word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is ev'ry Page !
That holy Book shall guide our Youth
And well support our Age.

CCC. *Divine Protection.*

I.

UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies ;
Thence all her help my Soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

II.

He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the World, that spread the
Flood ;

The Heav'ns, with all their hosts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

III.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way ;
His Morning smiles bless all the Day ;

He

He spreads the Ev'ning veil, and keeps.
The silent Hours while *Israel* sleeps.

IV.

Israel, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.

V.

No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire so far.

VI.

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the LORD ; his heav'nly care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry snare.

C C C I. ISRAEL'S *Deliverance from Bondage.*

P S A L M. C X V I.

I.

WHEN *Israel* free'd from *Pharaoh's* hand
Left the proud tyrant and his Land,
The tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King ; and *Judah* was his Throne.

II.

A cross the Deep their Journey lay.
The Deep divides to make them way :
Jordan beheld their March and fled
With backward current to his head.

III.

The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,
Like Lambs the little hillocks leap :

Not.

Not *Sinai* on her Base could stand,
Conscious of Sov'reign Power at hand.

IV.

What Power could make the Deep divide!
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide!
Why did ye leap, ye little hills!
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels!

V.

Let ev'ry Mountain ev'ry Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God:
The king of *Israel*; see him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns:
The Rock to standing Pools he turns,
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the LORD.

CCCII. *The three great Temptations.*

I.

WHEN, in the Light of Faith divine
We look on Things below,
Honour, and Gold and sensual Joys,
How vain and dangerous too.

II.

Honour's a Puff of noisy Breath,
Yet Men expose their Blood;
And venture everlasting Death
To gain that airy Good.

III.

While others starve the nobler Mind
To feed on shining Dust;

They

They rob the Serpent of his Food
T' indulge a sordid Lust.

IV.

The Pleasures that allure our Sense,
Are dangerous snares to Souls !
There's but a Drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter Bowls.

V.

God is our all-sufficient Good,
Our Portion and our Choice :
In Him our vast Desires are fill'd,
And all our Powers rejoice.

CCCIII. *GOD's Care of His People.*

I.

HOW gentle God's Commands!
How kind his Precepts are !
Come, cast your Burdens on the LORD,
And trust his constant care.

II.

While Providence supports
Let Saints securely dwell ;
That Hand that bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his Children well.

III.

Why should this anxious Load
Press down our weary Mind ?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's Throne,
And sweet Refreshment find.

IV.

His Goodness stands approv'd,
Down to the present Day ;

I'll drop my Burden at his Feet,
And bear a Song away.

CCCIV. *Life's uncertainty.*

I.

TO Morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy Sov'reign Hand;
And, if its Sun arise and shine;
It shines by thy Command.

II.

The present Moment flies,
And bears our Life away;
O make thy Servants truly wise,
That they may live To-Day.

III.

Since on this winged Hour
Eternity is hung;
Waken by thy Almighty Pow'r,
The Aged and the Young.

IV.

One Thing demands our Care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest slighted once, the Season fair
Should never be renew'd.

V.

To *Jesus* may we fly
Swift as the Morning Light,
Lest Life's Young golden Beams should die
In sudden endless Night.

CCCV. *The Condescension of G O D.*

I.

U P to the *Lord* that reigns on high,
 And views the Nations from afar,
 Let everlasting praises fly,
 And tell how large his Bounties are.

II.

G O D, that must stoop to view the Skies,
 And bow to see what Angels do ;
 Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes,
 And bends his Footsteps downward too.

III.

He over-rules all mortal Things,
 And manages our mean Affairs ;
 On humble Souls the King of kings,
 Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.

IV.

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour,
 Before the Mercy of our God ;
 He hears us in the mournful Hour,
 And helps us bear the heavy Load.

V.

In vain might lofty Princes try,
 Such condescension to perform ;
 For worms were never rais'd so high,
 Above their meanest fellow worm.

VI.

O could our thankful Hearts devise
 A Tribute equal to thy Grace !
 To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise
 And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

CCCVI. *Time fleeting and precarious.*

I.

TH E Swift-declining Day,
How fast its Moments fly !
While Ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the Western Sky.

II.

Ye Mortals, mark its Pace,
And use the Hours of Light ;
And know its Maker can Command
An instantaneous Night.

III.

His Word blots out the Sun
In its Meridian Blaze,
And cuts from smiling vig'rous Youth
The Remnant of its Days.

IV.

On the dark Mountains Brow
Your Feet will quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash,
Your momentary Pride.

V.

Give Glory to the Lord
Who rules the whirling Sphere ;
Submissive at his Footstool bow
And seek Salvation there.

VI.

Then shall new Lustre break
Thro' Horrors darkest Gloom,
And lead you to unchanging Light
In a celestial Home.

CCCVII. *Providing Bags that wax not old.*

I.

THESE mortal Joys how soon they fade!
How soon they pass away!
The dying Flower reclines its Head,
The Beauty of a Day.

II.

The Bags are rent, the Treasure's lost,
We fondly call'd our own;
Scarce the Possession could we boast,
And strait we found it gone.

III.

But there are Joys that cannot die;
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing Sky;
Brighter than golden Ore.

IV.

To that my rising Soul aspires,
Secure to find her Rest;
And glories in such wide Desires
Of all her wish possess.

V.

The feeds which Piety and Love
Have scattar'd here below,
In the fair fertile Fields above
To ample Harvest grow.

VI.

The mite my willing Hands can give,
At JESUS' Feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble Gift receive,
And Heav'n at large repay.

CCCVIII.

CCCVIII. *Redemption and Protection.*

I.

ARISE, my Soul, my joyful Powers,
And triumph in my GOD,
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.

II.

He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin ;
The Gates of gaping Hell ;
And fix'd my standing more secure
Then 'twas before I fell.

III.

The Arms of everlasting Love
Beneath my Soul he plac'd ;
And on the Rock of Ages fixt
My slipp'ry Footsteps fast.

IV.

The City of my blest Abode
Is wall'd around with Grace ;
Salvation for a Bulwark stands
To sheild the Sacred Place.

V.

Satan may vent his sharpest Spite,
And all his Legions roar :
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Power.

VI.

Arise, my Soul, awake my Voice
And Tunes of pleasure sing ;
Loud *Hallelujahs* shall adress
My Saviour and my King.

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CCCIX. *The Darkneſs of Providence.*

I.

LORD, we adore thy vaſt Deſigns,
Th' obſcure Abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to Sound with mortal Line,
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

II.

Now thou array'ſt thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns, without a ſmile:
We thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compaſſion ſtill.

III.

Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Diſtreſs,
We Sail by Faith and not by fight,
Faith guides us thro' the wilderneſs,
Thro' all the Briars and the Night.

IV.

Father of Mercies, if thy Rod
Be raiſ'd to ſcourge us here below,
Still we will lean upon our God,
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely through.

CCCX. *Divine Greatneſs and Condeſcention.*

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, his Throne is high;
His Robes are Light and Maſteſty,
His Glory ſhines with Beams ſo bright
No mortal can ſuſtain the fight.

II.

His Terrors keep the World in Awe,
His Juſtice guards his holy Law,
His Love reveals a ſmiling Face,
His Truth and Promiſe Seal the Grace.

Thro'

III.

Thro' all his Works his Wisdom shines,
 And baffles *Satan's* deep Designs :
 His Pow'r is Sovereign to fulfil
 The noblest Counsels of his Will.

IV.

And will this glorious God descend
 To be my Father and my Friend !
 Then let my Songs with Angels join,
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

 CCCXI. *The faithfulness of God.*

I.

MY never ceasing Songs shall shew
 The Mercies of the LORD,
 And make succeeding Ages know
 How faithful is his Word.

II.

The Sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
 Shall firm as Heav'n endure ;
 And if He speak a promise once,
 The Eternal Grace is sure.

III.

How long the Race of *David* held
 The promis'd *Jewish* Throne !
 But there's a nobler Cov'nant Seal'd
 To *David's* greater Son.

IV.

His seed for ever shall possess,
 A Throne above the Skies ;
 The meanest Subject of his Grace
 Shall to that Glory rise.

LORD

V.

LORD GOD of Hosts, thy wond'rous Way
Are Sung by Saints above ;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thine unchanging Love.

CCCXII. *God the righteous Judge.*

I.

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and
just,
Shall make Inquest for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Dust
Shall find a faithful God.

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Doth his own Children raise ;
In Zion's Gates, with joyful Breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

III.

His Foes shall fall, with heedless Feet,
Into the Pit they made ;
And Sinners perish in the Net
Which their own Hands have spread.

IV.

Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known ;
When Men of mischief are destroy'd
The snare must be their own.

CCCXIII. *The Saints Triumph.*

I.

YE Islands of the Northern Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;

His

His Word like fire prepares his Way
And Mountains melt to Plains.

II.

His Presence sinks the proudest Hills
And makes the valleys rise,
The humble Soul enjoys his smiles
The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim ;
The Idol Gods around,
Fill their own worshipers with shame,
And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels, at his Birth,
Make the Redeemer known :
Thus shall He come to judge the Earth
And Angels guard his Throne.

V.

His Foes shall Tremble at his sight,
And Hills and Seas retire ;
His Saints ascend in Robes of Light
And leave the World on Fire.

VI.

The seeds of Joy and Glory sown
For Saints in Darknes here,
Shall rise and Spring in worlds unknown
And a rich Harvest bear.

CCCXIV. *Hope in God for Growth in Grace.*

I.

FATHER of Peace, and GOD of Love,
We own thy Pow'r to Save ;

That

That Pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the Grave.

II.

We triumph in that Shepherd's Name,
Still watchful for our Good;
Who brought the eternal cov'nant down,
And seal'd it with his Blood.

III.

So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will:
That my fond Heart no more may stray,
But keep thy cov'nant still.

IV.

Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on!
Till full Perfection crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy Throne.

CCCXV. *GOD the only Salvation of his People.*

I.

HOW long shall Dreams of creature bliss,
Our flatt'ring Hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded Eyes
With visionary Joy?

II.

Why from the Mountains and the hills
Is our Salvation sought?
While our eternal Rock's forsook,
And *Israel's God* forgot.

III.

That living Spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,

Yet we with anxious fruitless toil
Our broken cisterns hew.

IV.

These fatal Errors, gracious GOD!
With gentle Pity see:
To thee our roving Eyes direct,
And fix our Souls on Thee!

CCCXVI. *Glorying in the Cross of Christ.*

I.

AT thy command our dearest LORD,
Here we attend thy dying Feast
The Bread, thy broken Body shews,
The Wine, thy Blood to every guest.

II.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd,
We hope for heav'nly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

III.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause,
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his cross.

IV.

With Joy we tell the scoffing Age,
He that was dead hath left the Tomb;
He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting 'till He come.

CCCXVII. *Imploring Divine Direction.*

I.

LORD, through the dubious Path of Life
Thy feeble Servant Guide;
Supported by thy pow'rful Arm
My Footsteps shall not slide.

II.

Let others, swell'd with empty pride,
Of wisdom make their Boast;
My wisdom and my strength must come
From Thee the Lord of hosts.

III.

'Tis not in Man that walks to find,
The safe, the narrow way:
Few find the Road to solid Bliss,
But thousands go astray.

IV.

To Thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge Thee,
And form my will by thine.

V.

Thus shall each Blessing of thine hand,
Be doubly sweet to me:
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

VI.

O by thy Counsel, whilst I live!
Guide these my wand'ring Feet;
And when my course on Earth is run
Conduct me to thy Seat.

CCCXVIII. *The Eternal and Sovereign God.*

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might,
The World, created by his Hands,
Firm on its first Foundation stands.

II.

But e're this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundation laid,
Thy Throne Eternal Ages stood,
Thyself the everliving God.

III.

Like Floods the angry Nations rise,
And aim their Rage against the Skies ;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high,
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

IV.

For ever shall thy Throne endure ;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure,
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

CCCXIX. *Deliverance from Perils by Sea.*

I.

TH Y Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the Deeps,
The Sons of Courage shall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds arise ;
And swell the tow'ring Waves :
And Men astonish'd mount the Skies,
Or sink in op'ning Graves.

D d

Then

III.

Then to the *Lord* they raise their cries;
 He hears the loud Request,
 And orders silence thro' the Skies,
 And lays the Floods to Rest.

IV.

Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,
 And see the Storm allay'd:
 Now to their Eyes the Port appears,
 There let their vows be paid.

V.

'Tis GOD that brings them safe to Land;
 Let stupid Mortals know,
 The Waves are under his Command,
 And all the Winds that blow.

VI.

O that the Sons of Men would praise
 The Goodness of the Lord!
 And those that see thy wond'rous Ways,
 Thy wond'rous Love record.

 CCCXX. *Love to Enemies.*

I.

GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
 Thy Glory is my Song;
 Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace
 With a blaspheming Tongue.

II.

When in the Form of mortal Man,
 Thy Son on Earth was found,
 With cruel flanders false and vain
 They compass'd him around.

Thou

III.

Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
 Their Peace he still pursu'd ;
 They render Hatred for his Love
 And Evil for his Good.

IV.

Their Malice rag'd without a Cause,
 Yet with his dying Breath,
 He pray'd for Murd'ers on his Cross,
 And blest'd his Foes in Death.

V.

Lord, shall this bright Example shine
 In vain before my Eyes ?
 Give me a Soul akin to thine,
 To love my Enemies.

VI.

The Lord shall on my side engage
 And in my Saviour's Name,
 I shall defeat their Pride and Rage ;
 Who slander and condemn.

 CCCXXI. *Blessings of the Gospel.*

I.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
 The Gospel's joyful Sound ;
 Peace shall attend the way they go,
 And Light their steps surround.

II.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
 Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
 His Promises exalt their Hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The *Lord* our Glory and Defence
Strength and Salvation gives ;
Israel thy KING for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

CCCXXII. *Religion vain without Love.*

I.

HAD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler Speech which Angels use,
If Love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling Brass, an empty sound.

II.

Were I inspired to preach and tell,
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell,
Or could by Faith the World remove
Still I am nothing without Love.

III.

Should I distribute all my store,
To cloath and feed the hungry Poor,
Or give my Body to the Flame
To gain a Martyrs glorious Name.

IV.

If Love to GOD and Love to Men
Be absent, all my Hopes are vain :
Not Tongues, nor Gifts nor fiery Zeal,
The want of Love can e're fulfil.

CCCXXIII. *Deliverance from Tempests at Sea.*

I.

HOW are thy Servants blest, O LORD !
How sure is their Defence !

Eternal

Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

Think, O my Soul devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise.

III.

Ev'n when in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken Wave,
We found thou wer't not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

IV.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retired,
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command, was still.

V.

In midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy Mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

VI.

My Life, whilst thou preserv'st that Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be:
And Death, when Death shall be my Lot,
Shall join my Soul to Thee.

CCCXXIV. *For New-Year's Day.*

I.

BEHOLD, my Soul, the narrow Bounds
Of the revolving Year!

How swift the Weeks compleat their rounds
How short the Months appear !

II.

So fast *Eternity* comes on,
And that important Day,
When all that mortal Life hath done
God's Judgment shall survey.

III.

Yet like an idle Tale we pass
The swift advancing Year ;
And study artful ways t'increase
The speed of its Career.

IV.

'Waken, O God, my trifling Heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian Part,
And give the Year to Thee.

V.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future Years arise ;
Or this shall bear my waiting Soul
To Joy that never dies.

CCCXXV. *The one Thing needful.*

I.

WHY will you lavish out your Years,
Amidst a thousand trifling Cares ?
While in this various Range of Thought,
The one Thing needful is forgot.

II.

Why will ye chase the fleeting Wind ;
And furnish an immortal Mind ?

While

While Angels with Regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly Crown.

III.

The Eternal God calls from above,
And *Jesus* pleads his bleeding Love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you Pain
And shall they join their Pleas in vain?

IV.

Not so, your dying Eyes shall view
Those Objects, which ye now pursue;
Not so, shall Heav'n and Hell appear.
When the decefive Hour is near.

V.

Almighty God, thy Pow'r impart,
To fix Conviction on the Heart;
Thy Pow'r unveils the blindest Eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

 CCCXXVI. *The wise Choice.*

I.

B ESET with snares on ev'ry Hand,
In Life's uncertain Path I stand:
SAVIOUR divine, diffuse thy Light
To guide my doubtful Footsteps right!

II.

Engage this roving treach'rous Heart,
To chuse the wise the better Part;
To scorn the Trifles of a Day,
For Joys that never fade away.

III.

Then let the wildest Storms arise,
Let Tempests mingle Earth and Skies;

No fatal Shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my Treasures with me bear.

IV.

If Thou, my *Jefus*, still be nigh,
Chearful I live; and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,
To find ten thousand Worlds in Thee.

CCCXXVII. *The pious poor Comforted.*

I.

PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the Sky,
Who from his lofty Throne,
Looks down on all who humble lie,
And calls fuch Souls his own.

II.

The haughty Sinner He difdains,
Tho' Gems his Temples crown;
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious Poor
He makes his Face to fhine;
He fills their Cottages of clay
With Luftre all divine.

IV.

Among the meanest of thy Flock,
There let my Dwelling be;
Rather than under gilded Roofs,
If abfent, Lord, from Thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
In thy ftrong Name we trust;

And

And bless the Hand of Sov'reign Love
Which lifts us from the Dust.

CCCXXVIII. *Immediate Repentance.*

I.

THE Lord, *Jehovah* calls,
Be ev'ry Ear inclin'd ;
O may his voice pierce ev'ry Heart,
And rouse the stupid Mind.

II.

If He in Thunder Speaks,
Earth trembles at his Nod ;
But gentle Accents here proclaim
The condescending God.

III.

O harden not your Hearts !
But hear his Voice to Day ;
Left, ere to Morrow's earliest dawn
He call your Souls away.

IV.

Almighty God ! pronounce
The word of conquering Grace,
So shall the Flint dissolve to Tears,
And Scorners seek thy Face.

CCCXXIX. *Praise for the Gospel.*

I.

TO our Almighty Maker G O D,
New honours be address'd :
His great Salvation shines abroad
And makes the Nations blest.

He

He Spake the Word to *Abra'm* first,
 His Truth fulfils the Grace;
 The *Gentiles* make his Name their Trust,
 And learn his Righteousness.

III.

Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim,
 With all their differing Tongues:
 And spread the Honours of his Name,
 In Melody and Songs.

CCCXXX. *Blessed are they that die in the Lord.*

I.

HARK! from on high, a chearing Voice!
 Lend all a list'ning Ear:
 'Twill make each pious Heart rejoice,
 And vanquish every Fear.

II.

Write, hence-forth, blessed are the dead
 Who in the *Lord* shall die:
 Their weary Flesh, as on a Bed,
 Soft in the Grave shall lie.

III.

Whilst their glad Souls, at last released,
 To Heav'n shall take their Flight,
 There to enjoy Eternal Rest,
 And infinite Delight.

IV.

They'll drop each Load as they ascend,
 And bid Farewel to woe:
 Their Labours with their Lives shall end:
 Their Rest no Period know.

V.

Their conflicts then with busy Foes,
 For evermore shall cease ;
 None shall their pleasing work oppose,
 Or once disturb their Peace.

VI.

But vast Rewards shall recompence
 Their faithful Service here ;
 And perfect Love shall banish thence ;
 All diffidence and Fear.

CCCXXXI. *The Conquest of Death.*

I.

LIFT up, ye Saints, your, weeping Eyes;
 Suspend your Sorrows and your Sighs;
 Turn all your Groans to joyful Songs,
 Which *Jesus* dictates to your Tongues.

II.

Thus saith the Saviour from his Throne,
 " Behold all former Things are gone ;
 " Past like an anxious Dream away,
 " Chas'd by the golden Beams of Day.

III.

" See, in celestial Pomp array'd,
 " A new-created World display'd ;
 " Mark, with what Light its Prospect shine !
 " How grand, how various, how divine !

IV.

" There my own gentle Hand shall dry
 " Each Tear from each o'reflowing Eye ;
 " For ever there my People dwell,
 " Beyond the Rage of Death and Hell."

V.

Vain King of Terrors, boast no more,
 Thy antient wide-extended Power ;
 Each Saint in Life, with *Christ* his Head,
 Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

 CCCXXXII. *Christ our Example.*

I.

Bless'd *Jesus*, how divinely bright
 In Thee each heav'nly virtue shone!
 When for our sakes incarnate here,
 How justly stiled the Holy one!

II.

The guiltless Spirit, and the Mind
 From Pride, from Passion ever free,
 Patient, and just, and pure, and kind
 Are faint Descriptions, *Lord*, of Thee.

III.

O! for a Faith, a lively Faith
 To view an absent Saviour's Face ;
 To trace the Beauties of his Soul,
 And all the Wonders of his Grace!

IV.

No more my heedless Feet should rove
 In the wild Labyrinths of Sin ;
 Nor Earth attract my warmest Love,
 Nor sensual Pleasures reign within.

V.

Thou blessed Sun with quickening Rays
 Dissolve this icy, flinty Breast ;
 Spread sacred Life thro' all my Powers,
 And be my Guide to endless Rest.

Yes,

VI.

Yes, dear Redeemer, let thy Love,
And Power these heav'nly Gifts impart;
I'll tune to thee the Song of Praise,
With glowing Gratitude of Heart.

CCCXXXIII. *Excellency of the Scriptures.*

I.

LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice;
My Soul's best Heritage,
There shall my noblest Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest Thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the Histories of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in sight,
While thro' the Promises I rove,
With ever fresh Delight.

III.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

IV.

The best Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our Eternal Rest.

CCCXXXIV. *The Eternal Sabbath.*

I.

TH Y earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler Rest above,
E e

To that our lab'ring Souls aspire,
With joyful Hopes, and warm Desire.

II.

No more Fatigue, no more Distress,
Nor Sin, nor Death shall reach the Place;
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Which there delight immortal Tongues.

III.

No rude Alarms of raging Foes,
No Cares to break the long Repose;
No midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But Sacred, high, Eternal Noon.

IV.

O long expected Day begin!
Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin!
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And Sleep in Death, to rest in God.

CCCXXXV. *Praise for the Scheme of Redemption.*

I.

LET all our Tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his Bosom sent his Son,
To bring us, Strangers nigh.

II.

Nor let our Voices cease,
To sing our Saviour's Name,
Jesus, th' Ambassador of Peace,
How chearfully he came.

III.

Look up, my Soul, to Him,
Whose Death was thy desert;

With

With Wonder view the living Stream,
Flow from his bleeding Heart.

IV.

There, on the curfed Tree
In cruel Pains he dies ;
Fulfil his Father's great Decree
And all our wants fupplies.

V.

Rifing, he well affures
Our future Life and Joy ;
Let the Redeemed in his Praise,
Their Hearts and Tongues employ.

CCCXXXVI. *Chrift dwelling in the Heart.*

I.

COME, deareft Lord, defcend and dwell,
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breaft,
Then fhall we know, and tafte, and feel
Th' Joys that cannot be expreff.

II.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls poffefs
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and
Length,
Of thy unmeafurable Grace.

III.

Now to the GOD, whole Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wifhes know,
Be everlafting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' *Chrift* his Son.

316 HYMNS CCCXXXVII and XXXVIII
CCCXXXVII. *Christ's compassionate In-
vitation.*

I.

COME hither all ye weary Souls,
Ye heavy laden Sinners, come ;
I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
And raise you to my heavenly Throne.

II.

They shall find Rest who learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly Mind ;
But Passion rages like the Sea,
And Pride is restless as the Wind.

III.

Blest is the Man whose Shoulders take
My Yoke, and bear it with Delight ;
My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
My Grace shall make the Burden light.

IV.

Jesus, we come, at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal ;
Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

CCCXXXVIII. *Thanksgiving for national
Blessings.*

I.

SAY, shou'd we search the Globe around,
Where can such Happiness be found,
As dwells in Britain's favour'd Isle ?
Here Plenty reigns, here Freedom shed
Her choicest Blessings on our Heads,
And bids our bleakest Mountains smile.

II.

Here Commerce spreads the wealthy Store,
That comes from ev'ry distant Shore ;

Science and Art, their Charms display,
 Religion gives us here to raise,
 Our Voices to our Maker's Praise,
 And Truth and Conscience point the way.

III.

From thee, the Zeal and Spirit came,
 That did our Patriot Chiefs inflame ;
 Their Skill, their Courage; all was thine ;
 Our joyful Bands with Glory crown'd,
 Tell to the wandering Nations round,
 The Hand that leads us, is divine.

IV.

With grateful Hearts, with gladfom Tongues,
 To GOD we raise triumphant Songs ;
 His Power, his Mercy we proclaim ;
 At length, ye haughty Tyrants, own
 JEHOVAH, here has fix'd his Throne,
 And tremble at his awful Name.

V.

Long as the Moon her Course shall run,
 Or Men behold the circling Sun ;
 O, still may GOD in *Britain* reign !
 Still crown her Armies with Success,
 With Peace and Joy her Borders bless,
 And all her sacred Rights maintain.

CCCXXXIX. *Institution of a Gospel Ministry,
 for an Ordination.*

I.

When our blest Lord went up on high,
 He Captive, led, Captivity :
 And royal Bounty did display,
 To grace the Triumph of the Day.

II.

As to his Throne, in Pomp he rode,
On Men, he Offices bestow'd ;
Marks of Munificence divine,
In which, both Might and Mercy shine.

III.

In Order first Apostles came,
The highest Rank, the noblest Name :
Next them, (tho' still of high Degree,)
Evangelists, and Prophets be.

IV.

With like Good-will, and kind Intent,
Of meaner Rank, He Teachers sent ;
O'er Christian Churches to preside,
And, by inspir'd Writings guide.

V.

His Saints to nourish, and complete,
And fit them for the heav'nly State ;
To build, by his own pow'rful Word,
His Church ; the Body of our LORD.

VI.

LORD, we with humble Faith adore
Thy matchless Love, thy saving Pow'r ;
And celebrate the Grace of GOD,
For such rich Gifts, on Men bestow'd.

CCCXL. *For an Ordination.*

I.

HE rose, his Chariot mounts on High ;
Attending Angels fill the Sky ;
Thence seated on a royal Throne,
He pours his promis'd Blessings down.

Apostles

II.

Apostles first, the Gift receive,
 And prove with Pow'r, their LORD to live:
 In num'rous Tongues his Truth proclaim,
 And draw the Nations to his Name.

III.

Their Hands convey diffusive Grace,
 And Prophets rise in ev'ry Place:
 The craving Saints are richly fed;
 The Poor receive immortal Bread.

IV.

Form'd by thy Word, still Preachers rise;
 Thy Providence still sends Supplies;
 The Church thy sacred Gifts receives,
 And thro' a dying World survives.

V.

Father of Lights, the Cause is thine,
 Vouchsafe to aid the great Design;
 Let Labourers see thy Gospel grow,
 And Heav'n conclude this Grace below.

CCCXLI. *For a Fast Day.*

I.

LORD, when thine *Israel* we survey,
 We, in their Crimes discern our own;
 And if thou turn our Cries away,
 Our Mis'ry must like theirs be known.

II. To

II.

To us thy Prophets have been sent,
With Words of Terror and of Love ;
But not the Vengeance or the Grace,
Ten thousand stubborn Hearts will move.

III.

Our Eyes, how blind ! how deaf our Ears !
Our Hearts how harden'd into Stone !
As we wou'd bar thy Mercy out,
And leave a Way for Wrath alone.

IV.

Justly our GOD might give us up,
To Plague, to Famine, and the Sword,
Till Towns and Cities, rich and fair,
Lay desolate without a Lord.

V.

O'er bleeding wounds of slaughter'd Friends,
Rivers of helpless Griefs might flow ;
Till th' fierce Conqueror's haughty Rage,
Drag'd us to Chains and slaughter too.

VI.

But, spare a Nation, long thine own,
And shew new Miracles of Grace ;
'Tis thine to heal the Deaf and Blind,
And wake the dead to Life, and Praise.

CCCXLII. *For a Fast Day.*

I.

ALAS! for Britain, and her Sons!
What hath she not to fear?
The Sins that ruin'd *Salim* once,
O, how triumphant here!

II.

Alas! the Strong o'erflowing Tide,
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding Symptom joins,
In terrible Presage.

III.

Yet, who hath Eyes the Rod to see?
Or who an Ear to hear!
Whose Heart is trembling for the Stroke,
Or for his Country dear?

IV.

Cold is the Love of christian Breasts,
If christian Breasts remain;
Languid the Flame of sacred Zeal,
And its weak Efforts vain.

V.

Of *Britain*,—oft chastis'd and fav'd,
What shall the End be found?
Shall not the Sword that waves so long,
Inflict the deeper Wound?

VI.

O, Stay, thine Arm, all gracious GOD!
Thy Spirit largely pour,
He can the Streams of Guilt restrain,
And dying Love restore.

CCCXLIII. *In Times of general Corruption,*

I.

LORD, when Iniquities abound,
And growing Crimes appear;
We view the Deluge rising round,
With Sorrow and with Fear.

II.

Yet, when its Waves most fiercely beat,
And spread Destruction wide;
Thy Spirit can a Standard raise,
To stem the roaring Tide.

III.

May thy triumphant Arm awake,
Thy sacred Cause to plead;
And let the Multitude confess,
That thou art GOD, indeed.

IV.

Their Hearts shall in a Moment turn,
Like Water by thy Hand;
One Word shall bow their stubborn Necks,
To own thy high Command.

V.

Our feeble Souls, at least, support,
And there thy Power display;
Then Multitudes shall strive in vain,
To draw us from thy Way.

For

CCCXLIV. *For a Fast Day.*

I.

WHEN ABRAHAM, full of sacred Awe,
 Before JEHOVAH stood;
 And with an humble fervent Prayer,
 For guilty *Sodom* su'd,

II.

With what Success, what wond'rous Grace,
 Was his Petition crown'd;
 The Lord wou'd spare if in the Place.
 Ten right'ous Men were found.

III.

O cou'd a single holy Soul,
 So rich a Grant obtain;
 Great GOD, and shall a Nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain?

IV.

Britain, all guilty as she is,
 Her num'rous Saints may boast;
 See their united Pray'rs ascend,
 And shall these Prayers be lost.

V.

Are not the Righteous dear to thee
 Now, as in antient Times?
 Or does this sinful Land exceed
Gomorrah in its Crimes?

VI.

Still, we are thine, we bear thy Name;
 Here, yet, is thine abode;
 Long has thy Presence blest our Land;
 Forfake us not, O GOD!

VII. O may

VII.

O may the People, Priest and King,
 Thy choicest Blessings share ;
 And know thee by that glorious Name,
 " The GOD that heareth Prayer."

CCCXLV. *On Occasion of a dreadful Fire.*

I.

ETERNAL GOD, our humbled Souls,
 Before thy Presence bow !
 With all thy Magazines of Wrath,
 How terrible art thou !

II.

Fann'd by thy Breath devouring Flames,
 Do like a Deluge pour ;
 And all our Confidence of Wealth,
 Lies mouldred in an Hour.

III.

Led on by thee in horrid Pomp,
 Destruction rears its head ;
 And blackned Walls, and smoaking Heaps,
 Thro' all our Streets are spread.

IV.

LORD, in the Dust we lay us down,
 And mourn thy righteous Ire,
 Yet, bless the Hand of guardian Love,
 That snatch us from the Fire.

V.

O may we view with dauntless Eyes,
 The last tremendous Day,
 When Earth and Sea, and Stars and Skies,
 In Flames shall melt away !

T H E E N D.

NO 39



^{AN}
I N D E X,
^{OR}
T A B L E

TO FIND ANY
P S A L M or H Y M N,
By the Title or Contents of it.

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to each Psalm or Hymn.*

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